

A L W Y N:

OR THE

Gentleman Comedian.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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V O L. I.

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*In nova fert animus—*

OVID.

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L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR FIELDING AND WALKER,  
PATER-NOSTER-ROW.

MDCCLXXX.





TO R. B. SHERIDAN, Esq;

MEN OF GENIUS

ARE THE BEST AND PROPEREST

PATRONS  
OF LITERARY PRODUCTIONS.

IT IS THEIR FIAT THAT GIVES  
STABILITY,

OR CONSIGNS TO OBLIVION;

AND EVERY ONE WILL READ,  
WHAT THEY PRONOUNCE WORTHY  
TO BE READ.

WHEN THIS CIRCUMSTANCE IS  
REMEMBERED,

NOBODY WILL WONDER TO SEE A  
DEDICATION

TO THE AUTHOR OF  
THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

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## P R E F A C E.

**W**ORKS of imagination have ever been the ornament of civilized nations. The progress from barbarism to politeness is always accompanied by a similar gradation in the perfection of literary amusements. The easiest, consequently the earliest, of these amusements was fable: among the various kinds of which, the narrative, as the most simple and natural, was the first. In the ruder ages men listened, with avidity, to tales of the utmost simplicity; the story of the Belly and the Members could calm the rage of a mutinous people.

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Writers

Writers who wish, at present, to teach Morality by fiction, have greater difficulties to encounter: the shallow artifices of the wolf, the fox, and the lion are too easily discovered, and are only, now, devoted to the instruction and recreation of children. Character, incident, design, diction, probability, &c. are requisite to attract the attention of readers, beyond a certain sphere. It would be, perhaps, a useless, as well as a difficult task to discover, whether the ancients possessed any species of writing that may be classed with what is meant by the word Novel. The want of a quality which seems peculiar to modern Europe, and is distinguished by the name of GALLANTRY, must have  
given



given such compositions a turn very different from the productions of the present time.

IN the dark ages, when bigotry and zeal had, almost, obliterated every trace of ancient literature, the only writings, meant for amusement, were the legends of saints; in which the marvellous was, alone, predominant. Secure from criticism, by the tremendous alliance between their works and THE FAITH, the more improbable the story, the greater was its merit, with this species of writers. Their imaginations thus emancipated, their saints became warriors, the extravagant fables of the old poets were out-done, and the champions of Christendom rivalled the worthies of Greece.



They overcame monsters and giants; pursued necromancers through lakes of fire; till by their prowess, and prayers, they sent the inchanters, blaspheming through the air, on the backs of fiery dragons, and made their castles vanish. These authors seem to have had a confused idea of the Grecian fables: a similarity to the Cyclops, Hydras, Minotaurs, Syrens and Circes, may easily be traced. The Phœnicians, Egyptians, Libyans, Grecians, Gauls, each had a Hercules, who performed wonderful, and impossible things. The monks invented one for the Christians; only they called him St. George. But as he was, more particularly, the hero of England, by being its tutelary saint, each powerful

ful

# P R E F A C E.

ful state was allotted a champion. One of these, St. Dennis for France, Voltaire has made a principal personage in the machinery of his *Henriade*.

THESE miraculous tales were succeeded by romances of voluminous magnitude, in which the passion of love was drawn in the most hyperbolical manner; such were *Clelia*, the grand *Cyrus*, &c. A sameness of character, of incident, of language, pervaded the whole. Plot they had none, and but one moral distributed through the endless pages of endless volumes: yet these were the entertainment of the gay and the polite, and were held in estimation so late as at the end of the last century.

MODERN writers use the word Romance, to signify a fictitious history of detached and independent adventures; and, under that idea, call the *Telemaque* of Fenelon, and the *Cyrus* of Ramsay, Romances. Le Sage's *Gil Blas*, and Smollet's *Roderick Random*, though of a different species, come under the same denomination. A Novel is another kind of work. Unity of design is its character. In a Romance, if the incidents be well marked and related with spirit, the intention is answered; and adventures pass before the view for no other purpose than to amuse by their peculiarity, without, perhaps, affecting the main story, if there should be one. But in a Novel, a combination of incidents,

dents, entertaining in themselves, are made to form a whole; and an unnecessary circumstance becomes a blemish, by detaching from the simplicity which is requisite to exhibit that whole to advantage. Thus, as in dramatic works, those circumstances which do not tend, either to the illustration, or forwarding the main story, or, which do not mark some character, or person in the drama, are to be esteemed unnecessary.

HENCE it appears, the legitimate Novel is a work much more difficult than the Romance, and justly deserves to be ranked with those dramatic pieces whose utility is generally allowed. Novels have fallen into disrepute. Love-sick girls and boys



are supposed to be the only persons capable of being amused by them: and, while a poverty of stile, a want of knowledge of the human heart, of men and manners; while a puny tale of love and misfortune, cross fathers, and unhappy children, unnatural rigour, and unaccountable reconciliation, without discrimination of character, without variety of incident, with but one set of phrases, one languid, inanimate description, with scarce a single ray of imagination to comfort the disconsolate reader, are their great characteristics, Novels shall continue to want admirers: but Tom Jones shall never want admirers.

20060

CON-



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A L W Y N:  
OR THE  
GENTLEMAN COMEDIAN.

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LETTER I.

Mr. ALWYN to Mr. HILKIRK.

Dear HILKIRK,

**I** HAVE received a letter from our old school-fellow Pendril, who saw you as he passed through Carlisle. I need not tell you it gave me great pleasure to hear that you still exist in health and spirits, after the chasm which your absence has occasioned in

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our



our friendship; and though your situation, as a travelling comedian, is such as some of your old acquaintance would not be over ready to recognize you under, yet, were I weak enough to be thus influenced, the affectation in me would not only be mean, but ridiculous. My hereditary hopes do not surpass your's; and, could certain considerations be removed, I don't know but it might be more agreeable to my sentiments (call it pride if you please) to live by my own labour, than by that of the dead—I am not unacquainted with the natural hilarity and cheerfulness of your temper, and I am of opinion that (no matter what the rank in life) while the mind is cheerful, the man is happy.—Cincinnatus at the plough, it is most probable, was happier than Cincinnatus in the senate—I know you begin to suspect this grave lecture: few, I believe, preach about happiness,



happiness, till they themselves either are, or have been unhappy—I own to you I am altered. The smiles and pleasures are fled; a gloom overhangs my youth, and has shut out the sun; my health declines, and my worthy Patron—(Patron?—Friend!—Father!—all these cannot express the sense I have of his goodness) wishes me to reside in the country for some time.—I wish it myself—I cannot be easy where I am—my disorder will increase—Not that I am anxious about life—it is a comfort that, sooner or later, all our cares shall end: and no sentiment ever came with greater force to me than that which Macbeth, where the poet represents him torn and distracted with a thousand fears, thus utters:

“ Better be with the dead

“ *Than on the torture of the mind to lie*

“ *In restless ecstasy.*—Duncan is in his grave—

“ After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well.

“ Treason has done his worst. Nor steel nor poison

E 2

“ Malice

" Malice domestic, foreign levy—*Nothing*

" *Can touch him further.*

These reflections are the cordials of my life. Enough of this.

You will be surprized, perhaps, when I tell you that I have an inclination to become an actor. Hear my reasons: I must either find a means of subsistence, or live upon the bounty of others. The first is agreeable to me; the latter I can never consent to, though Mr. Stamford would supply me with the greatest cheerfulness. As it is necessary I should live some time in the country, I can think of no scheme so eligible as this; and shall be glad if you will enquire of your brother comedians, whether they are willing to admit me of the society.

I do not mean to inform my master of my intention; none but such as I  
approve

approve need know of my situation; which, I confess, I shall be almost ashamed of: I should, however, be more ashamed to be idle; and the country affords no other source of employment to me. Our mutual and early friendship is another inducement.

SHOULD you perceive any thing improper, either in the application to your brother comedians, or from any other circumstance, let not this be any restraint, but act agreeably to reason and your own feelings, which will be both approved and applauded by one who is perfectly conscious of the delicacy and propriety of them, and who is proud to have the honour of subscribing himself

Your sincere and affectionate Friend,

H. H. ALWYN.

## L E T T E R II.

Mr. HILKIRK to Mr. ALWYN.

DEAR HARRY,

I Received your letter, and, I believe, I need not take much pains to describe to you the pleasure I enjoy from this instance of the continuance of your attachment. The bitter has so far predominated over the sweet, during my peregrination in this vile world, that I begin already to have a large proportion of cynical essence in my composition, though not enough to overpower the pleasure I receive in Alwyn's friendship. You will readily believe this, when you recollect the avidity with which I always sought your company, and the delight I took in it.

I AM



I AM sorry to observe the air of melancholy so prevalent in your epistle—it is not natural to you. The lines of despair are marked strongly in your mind—it is beneath you—you that have tasted friendship from all, smiles from all, love from all. 'Tis enough for wretches like me, outcasts from society, to indulge the gloom: but I am above it. Is the weather cloudy? I tune my pipe; no matter where, the cottage or the palace: 'tis hard if I don't find somebody to dance.—Does the sun shine? let me enjoy the smiles of the season while I can. My music is flown to the fields, I follow it; it warbles from the thorn, it tinkles in the tears of the wandering brook, it mourns in the plaintive song of the widowed linnet—Let it—'tis music still, and music only will I bear. Does the fleet of contempt batter my face, or the biting frost of disap-

pointment assault my feelings?—I am prepared better than Moor, of Moor-hall, for the dragon—I have armour of iam-bics, a shield of raillery, and a sword of satire, more powerful than the sword of my old associate harlequin. I send a herald in the form of a goose-quill, “to hurl defiance in their teeth.” Tragic, comic, and farcical scenes are exhibited continually on the world’s great theatre; their frequency has made them familiar, and I resolve henceforth to be rather a spectator than an actor: I have played the fool in the farce too often.

I AM sorry that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you, having agreed to take upon me the management of a company that travels in the west, and being to set off, the day after to-morrow, to Taunton, in Somersetshire, whither my  
baggage

baggage is already gone. I have spoken to our manager respecting your coming hither; and, from the description I have given of your person and abilities, he is anxious to see you, and declares you are the very man he wants. The company go from hence to Kendal the next week, and he is desirous of meeting you there, to open the house. Had I known your intention before I made this new engagement, I should have been happy in an opportunity of renewing our friendship personally; as it is, I must content myself with the pleasure of a frequent correspondence, which I hope you will have no objection to.

'Tis long since I have had the pleasure of your conversation; accident has continued to deprive me of it. To encourage you to a correspondence, to

/ B 5                      which

which I have invited you, I will relate the history of my adventures, from a supposition that they will not prove entirely uninteresting.

JILTED by a girl, abandoned by my friend, my unprovided bark pushed from the strand by a violent passion for an unworthy object, whom yet I can scarce forbear to love, into dangerous and unknown seas, no wary pilot to direct my course, I ignorantly ran on lee shores, allured by promising appearances; and, to stretch my metaphor, presently became a wreck among savages, in a strange land.—“By the waters of Babylon I sat  
“down and wept.”

IT is now near four years since I left London and my companions; at which period I was scarce twenty, and you not above eighteen; so that though we used  
to



to amuse ourselves in our conversation, long before, upon rational subjects, yet having little care about the future fortune of our lives, we did not enquire much into each others views. It is not the character of that age to be very solicitous about to-morrow. I shall therefore relate such incidents as are necessary to form the connection of my little history, lest it should else be unintelligible.

THERE are several circumstances in my life which, were they methodised, properly spun out, and interlarded with an episode or two between Mr. Somebody and Miss Any-body, would furnish the circulating libraries with two handsome pocket volumes. The first that I shall mention, and not the least extraordinary, is, that I am utterly ignorant of my parents, or even whether I ever had a father or no. Excuse this

state attempt at a joke, and suffer me to trifle with my miseries. I remember little of my infantine state, except being bred among fields, farm-houses, and country peasants. I was removed from these, at an early age, to a cheap school in Yorkshire, where I continued till my fourteenth year; at which period the master informed me he could keep me no longer, for that the person who had placed me with him was dead, and my board and education already ten months in arrear; but that a London gentleman had enquired if he had any boy of good intellects among his scholars who wanted a provision; that he, the schoolmaster, had recommended me, and, upon his recommendation, the gentleman had agreed to take me, provided I consented to go, which he advised me by all means to do. The idea of being freed from the fear of birch, of which our good  
-governor,

governor, upon every trivial misdemeanor, was as liberal as he was penurious in the articles of food and cloathing, together with the hope of seeing a city that I had heard so wonderfully described, operated sufficiently on my fancy, to make me receive this proposal with joy. I had not, however, lived so many years with my play-mates, without having formed a few friendships among them; but these, though they cost me some tears at parting, were presently forgot in the overflowings of a rapid imagination.

I ARRIVED with Mr. Seldon, my new patron and master, in London, the latter end of October. You are not ignorant of the character of this worthy man. He took me to his house in Chancery-lane, where I underwent a long examination respecting my education.

tion. This was a source of flattery to me. I was universally allowed the best scholar in the seminary from whence I had been taken, and, for three years past, had been little obliged to my instructors. Exclusive of the classics, I had made a tolerable stride into mathematics, and had often surprised old De-clension himself with philosophical experiments, which I had learnt from two or three books, that, till I condescended to look at them, had been neglected, and thrown about the school, among other lumber. I was the more powerfully induced to these exercises by the wonder they excited, and the fame I acquired. Mr. Seldon expressed much satisfaction at my progress; and, after paying me some compliments, told me he would now recommend other subjects to my notice. The study of jurisprudence, the knowledge of the natural and  
civil



civil rights of mankind, and in what manner they are preserved or injured by the laws existing in this country, he said, would make me valuable to society; and recommended me to the care of Mr. Turnbull, a man whom I am sure you must have observed, during your intimacy at our house.

MR. SELDON was upwards of fifty, had no wife nor family, except Julia Gowland, an orphan niece, of about twelve years old, whom he had taken from a boarding-school, where he had placed her, being not only dissatisfied with the œconomy of the house, but likewise desirous of her company, and taking himself, in a great measure, the care of inuring her to proper habits. His turn of thinking respecting education and habit was singular, yet, in my opinion, just. Boys, he said, should  
be

be steeped in adversity, case-hardened in misery, during their youth; it gives them fortitude to support every change of fortune; it makes them sensible of the simplicity with which man ought to live; and shews them the folly and real inutility of numberless things, which, by some, are deemed absolutely necessary to existence. It is the best school of morality to a strong mind. Girls should be made sensible how much mildness and resignation contribute to their happiness; should be taught to support contradiction with cheerfulness and smiles. This is the duty as much of man as woman; but it is the great source of pleasure to the latter. Husbands are enchanted by mildness and acquiescence from their wives; they feel their own superiority in point of strength; they fancy it in point of understanding; their free commerce with the world, which is denied

denied to the other sex, together with the advantages of education, tend to confirm this opinion. Youths should endure hardships, but not be suffered to sink under them. Females should be taught the virtue and necessity of a still tongue, and a smiling countenance. Such were the sentiments of a man, who proved his wisdom by the consistency of his conduct, and the order of his affairs.

THERE is in the boy and girl age a susceptibility of attachment, which we afterwards lose, though with some regret. I had not been long in Mr. Seldon's family, before Julia and I began reciprocally to feel a tender inclination; it did not immediately appear, though it insensibly increased. We delighted, as lovers do, in mutual offices of kindness; we began to sigh, to languish, as our years increased; and, before I was  
eighteen,

eighteen, I was deeply in love. Mr. Seldon did not at first seem suspicious of the consequence, but was pleased with the simplicity of our affection. Young as I was, I had sagacity enough to make this observation, and interpreted it to my own advantage. I am become a favourite, said I, my master loves me, and intends to give me his niece. The sequel will shew how wretchedly I deceived myself.

EXCLUSIVE of my passion for Julia, I was not exempted from other youthful foibles; I loved dress, but, what was worse, I had addicted myself to a habit of frequenting a billiard-table. My delight in the game soon taught me to play tolerably; and the warmth of my temper not only engaged me to sport far beyond discretion, but made me an easy prey to much inferior gamesters with cooler



cooler heads; to which add my fondness for theatrical diversions, and my constant attendance at a spouting-club, and you will easily perceive the seeds of misfortune, which have since sprung up so thick, and the improbability of my continuing to enjoy the favour and protection of Mr. Seldon.

MR. TURNBULL, the upper clerk, whom I mentioned, from my first entrance into the family appeared to have a particular partiality for me, and had taken almost as much pains in giving me proper advice as Mr. Seldon himself, without seeming to regard my little deviations from virtue with so severe an eye: but this man's conduct has been to me inexplicable. When any extravagancy had plunged me into a difficulty that affected my temper, and made it visible, Turnbull would never let me rest

rest till I had acquainted him with the cause of my trouble, nor ever failed to assist me, but then, I had great reason, from several hints, more particularly from my master's behaviour, to believe that he sometimes acquainted Mr. Seldon with it.

I SHALL forbear to enumerate incidents, and only select a few, that are necessary to explain, why I so abruptly left Mr. Seldon.

I HAVE said that I frequented a spouting-club. This society was held at a reputable public house, up one pair of stairs. After I had, in compliance with the usual forms, paid for my ticket, and passed the bar, I saw one of my companions below, that prevented me from immediately going up: While he held me in conversation, I heard a voice, familiar

familiar enough to me, enquire if Mr. Hil Kirk was there; the landlady answered in the affirmative; and, turning to look who the enquirer was, I saw the back of Mr. Turnbull, passing quick out of the door. I was rather alarmed. I dreaded lest Mr. Seklon should come to the knowledge of my tricks, and I suspected Turnbull. This fear, however, presently evaporated, and I joined the roarers above, whose tragic starts, sounding thro' the ceiling, operated strongly on my imagination. It came to my turn to exhibit, and I chose that scene in Macbeth, where the bloody dagger appears in the air. I was drest in a habit, made in imitation of Garrick's, with shaloon and tinsel.

Banquo and Fleance had made their exit, and I was proceeding, with infinite applause, through the soliloquy: Just as I came to that place, where the hero says

to

to the supposed dagger, "I see thee still," my astonished eye caught the terrible form of Mr. Seldon; the effect this had upon me was evident from the audience; my knees knocked, my eyes were wild and rivetted, my voice faltered—I repeated,

" I see thee still,  
" And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,  
" Which was not so before."

The picture of terror was so perfect, that the room echoed with plaudits; but the scene was quickly changed.—I endeavoured to proceed—"There's no such thing," said I, staring at Mr. Seldon, "It is the bloody business which informs thus to mine eyes."—"You are mistaken young man," answered he, with the gravest face imaginable, "it is no vision." This immediately turned the eyes of the whole assembly upon my master, in a moment their serious praise was converted into the loudest



loudest laughs, while Mr. Seldon, with the same gravity, commanded me to pull off that merry Andrew's jacket, and quit enacting of the monarch, in order to retire to my truckle bed, under the desk.— At this speech, the rafters once more trembled with the roar of laughter, which from the complexion of the gentry there gathered together, would doubtless have been augmented with catcalls, shouts, and hisses, had not the deportment of Mr. Seldon, which in spite of impudence, commanded respect, in some degree over-awed their mirth.

My situation was truly pitiable, I uncased, and my master, with a slow voice and bow, accompanied by the most serious look of ridicule and satire, wished all the good company a very good night, while I skulked after him, more abashed than Thersites by the stern eye of Ulysses.

The

The next morning Mr. Seldon spoke to me to the following effect:—" By my  
" behaviour to you last night, young  
" man, you may be convinced I have  
" some regard for you, I engaged in a  
" very aukward affair, inconsistent to  
" my character, and disagreeable to my  
" inclination, purposely to expose your  
" absurdity in so strong a light, that you  
" could not help feeling it. These so-  
" cieties, among which I understand you  
" are become a leading man, have an  
" idle, ridiculous, and vicious tendency,  
" therefore, if you desire to gain my  
" esteem, let me hear no more of your  
" kingly antics."

At the moment this counsel was given, I thought I would observe it more religiously than if it had been a mandate delivered by an angel: I have only in excuse, the plea of the converted infidel,

" the

“ the flesh was willing, but the spirit  
“ was weak.”

My love for Julia accelerated the catastrophe, and a match at billiards completed it. I must speak of them in order.

It would be tedious, at least, to any but lovers, to relate the progress of love. Let it be sufficient to say, that our passion was arrived to that stage which produced mutual declarations, and vows of everlasting fidelity. Convinced, as I thought, of her disinterestedness and sincerity, enchanted by her beauty and the softness and sweetness of her manners, my affection became violent. After the above explanation, my pursuit of other pleasures was, for some time, entirely abated: her society was perfect happiness, her company and conversation, I

believed to be absolutely necessary to my existence; but, alas, I have proved the possibility of existing without them. Repeated asseverations of constancy, continual opportunities of indulging in all the languor of delicate and excessive love, which we did, as far as we could with innocence, and without discovering our passion, I had no dread of meeting opposition from any but Mr. Seldon.

WE had been so cautious, for some months after the avowal of our affection, that I had no reason to believe we were suspected: whether I was deceived in this, or whether we became less guarded, I know not; but by accident, I over-heard Mr. Seldon saying something to Mr. Turnbull, to the following effect:—"I'll suffer it no longer; I am resolved he shall



“ shall quit this family. His temper ir-  
“ regular, his passions untamed, he is no  
“ way calculated to make either her, or  
“ himself happy; he would be fond for  
“ a week, captious and overbearing with-  
“ in a month, and become completely  
“ miserable in a very short time; to  
“ suffer him to marry with his present  
“ inexperience, rashness, and want of  
“ proper habits, were more unmerci-  
“ ful, than to cast him into the sea.”—

I hardly knew whether to apply the above discourse to myself, or not; it described Mr. Seldon's friendship for me, in so lively a manner, that I had some reason to hope it true on the one hand, while on the other, it cut me off from every prospect of felicity.

BUT what shall I say to the conduct of Julia, who, of a sudden, and without assigning any reason, became distant and

ceremonious, even to disdain, as I imagined. Instead of contrivances to throw herself in my way, which, I had before observed with pleasure, she took every method to avoid me. If, by chance, I caught her alone, she would break from me, and threaten to inform Mr. Seldon, if I persisted in detaining her. This might be prudent, but I am certain it was perfidious. It agreed but ill with her former protestations.

Why should I torture myself to relate more of this tale than is necessary? It upbraids me, it reminds me of my weakness. My present feelings convince me, I have not yet forgotten the traitress. I must quit the subject for this time. I have raised a train of images, that do not contribute to my tranquillity. Adieu,

W. HILKIRK.

LET-

## L E T T E R III.

Mr. ALWYN, to Mr. STAMFORD, Junior.

Dear SIR,

I N obedience to your commands, I take the advantage of the first post-day, to inform you of my safe arrival at Kendal. To a mind perfectly at ease, the contrast between Westmoreland and London must be very forcible. Notwithstanding the little leisure I, who am under the influence of an unconquerable passion can find, I yet cannot entirely forbear, to observe the sudden change of scene. It seems scarce an hour, since the noise of London, with her ten thousand carriages, rattled in my ears. I listen, and find myself conveyed to the region of silence. The face of the country, likewise, is as different as the most romantic imagination can suppose. No beautiful green hedges intersecting the  
C 3 plain;

plain; no regular rows of stately elms, or spreading oaks, meet the eye, but uncouth stone-walls, vast wilds, and prodigious mountains. Nature appears bleak and unadorned, but grand and capacious. Here and there a straggling peasant is seen, with wooden shoes and lank hair, unconscious of what we call grace and elegance, and cloathed only to defend him from the assaults of the season. Here, every object is bleached, as it were, by time and simplicity: in London, a satirist would add, every thing is sullied by smoak, hypocrisy, and detraction. Not that I should admire either the wit, or sentiment of the expression.

MEN are naturally much the same, and, considering the vast number of them who inhabit that great city, I am often astonished at the order and tranquillity which are generally preserved. If the  
people



people here are honefter or happier, it is becaufe they have not fo many temptations. The glittering of equipage, the blaze of tapers, the enchantments of mufic, routs, balls, operas, gaudy colours, lewd women, decorated in all the emblazonments of art, folly, and fafhion; fuch allurements tempt not, inflame not the imagination of the inhabitants of the wilds in Westmoreland. A fmall affembly among the gentry and opulent tradesmen, and the players for about fix or eight weeks, conftitute their higheft ideas of public luxury. Neither are thofe wanting, who inveigh, with great warmth and acrimony, againft thefe amufements, efpecially the latter. This is not wonderful, when we recollect, that great part of the inhabitants of Kendal are Quakers. They have an excellent faculty of ftaring at a ftanger; and I was questioned to-day, by fome of

the old dons, who are the only people here that think themselves privileged to ask impertinent questions, how such a good looking young man as I, as they were pleased to call me, could think of becoming a player.

My landlord tells me, he doubts I am a wild young dog. His wife says, she is afraid my poor mother has many an aching heart upon my account; for she is sure I am some good body's son, who has had a world of trouble to bring me up. I told her that my mother is living; and she became very importunate for me to return home, and save her from breaking her heart. This conversation happened last night, and I assure you, I went to bed quite low-spirited, with her good old-fashioned exhortations. Indeed, I am so well convinced of my dear mother's tenderness, that I  
am

am afraid her conjectures are too true. I begin almost to repent of my journey. I know no right I have, to mingle wormwood in the bitter cup of old age. However, I wrote into Oxfordshire by this post, and hope my fears are without foundation.

THERE are other reasons, why I am not the most happy mortal in the world. Forgive me, dear Charles. You know my heart. I can conceal nothing from your friendship; I should be unworthy of it if I could. Your sister's image lives in my bosom. Oh Maria!—No change of time, of place, or object, can obliterate the memory of thy charms: on the barren mountain, in the fruitful valley, musing on the gliding stream, or supine beneath the venerable oak, still shall thy welcome recollection call forth the painful, pleasing sigh of melancholy;

C 5.

and

and cause to steal, unbid, the tear of sorrow down my cheek.

PITY, but do not blame me. I know I have no pretensions to so amiable, so beautiful an object; but who could live in the same house, and behold her angelic form, hear her enchanting voice, observe her benevolent, her soul-winning actions, and forbear to adore her? I am conscious of my own unworthiness. I know how much my kind patron has the happiness of his cherubim, as he justly calls her, at his heart. I have heard of his intentions: it has been said, there is one whom he wishes her to love. I am not to learn how dearly you, my friend, tender your father and sister's tranquillity; and it were the utmost baseness in me, to attempt to render those miserable; were it in my power, whom I have every  
reason



reason to love and revere above all the world.

No person but you, knows my real motive for retiring from my friends. My passion was insupportable, and the peace of your family was concerned. It was painful to fly, but gratitude, friendship, and love demanded it. My present employment is unknown, and I would have it so. My health began to decline, and that was a fair pretence for going into the country. My predilection to the drama made this scheme present itself as the most probable one of diverting my ideas from the channel in which they so constantly flow; but, I am fearful, this, and every thing else, on this side the grave, will be ineffectual.

I KNOW you will excuse these effu-  
C 6 sions

sions from a despairing lover, and rest assured, whatever may be my fate, I will never give you cause to accuse me of insincerity.

I am, dear Sir, with the utmost respect, the most affectionate of those who have the honour to call themselves your friends.

H. H. ALWYN.

LET.

## LETTER IV.

Mr. HILKIRK to Mr. ALWYN.

Dear ALWYN,

I AM arrived at Taunton, and expect this will reach you at Kendal. I shall continue the relation of my adventures without any apology. I mean to draw an abstract of my misfortunes, that after having compared them with your own, you may try whether it is not possible to strike a balance in my favour. The world will say I have deserved my fate. I grant it.

GOADED by despair, stung and distracted by the continual recollection of Julia's perfidy, I became regardless of future consequences. Neglecting you and every rational friend, who, I imagined, had come to a knowledge of circumstances that hurt my vanity, I  
fought

sought to drown my sorrows in dissipation. Drinking was my aversion, and the gaming-table became my resource. My ideas of justice and honour, tho' too firmly rooted to be easily eradicated, could not entirely preserve me from the contagion that reigns in these horrid receptacles of vice and infamy.—I found myself insensibly drawn into a familiarity with acknowledged rascals. Launched into a sea of guilt, I was borne away by the tide; and, though I beheld my danger, had not strength to regain the shore of virtue.

It had been a custom with Mr. Selton, from the time that I was sixteen, to allow me a regular stipend, with which I defrayed my own expences of cloaths and other necessaries; the sum was liberal, considering my situation, and had received an annual increase. He had just paid



paid me a quarter's allowance, out of which my extravagance had brought me under an obligation to discharge a number of debts, besides leaving several others unpaid. Conscious of my weakness, as soon as I received the money, I put ten guineas in my pocket, with a resolution to disperse them immediately among my creditors, without giving myself time to hear a billiard-ball, or lay a bett. As I was proceeding upon this virtuous errand, my evil genius threw a noted gambler in my way, known by the name of Long Jack, with whom I was acquainted. He enquired where I was going. I, to prove the strength of my virtue, very candidly told him, that I was running with my ten guineas to pay my debts; and, as he was well apprized of my passion for play, asked him if he did not think me wise for so doing: to which he replied in the affirmative,

in

in so positive a manner, that his approbation appeared perfectly sincere; asking withal, how long it would be before he saw me at Jackson's, meaning the gaming-house, to which I usually resorted. I told him, I should hardly be there that evening, for that my present business would find me employment. Zounds, said he, that's unlucky, I have made a match for you with One-eyed Harry, the odd game in eleven for five pounds, to meet at eight. I have been to Connor's, and two or three tables to look for you; if you don't play, I forfeit a guinea to the blinking rascal. Why it is half past seven now, answered I. Aye, said he, I know it, I lost nine pounds this morning with him; however, it is no matter, b—st his odd eye, I'll have it out of him, one way or another.

I HAD seen too many of the tricks of  
these

these worthies, not to have my doubts concerning the reality of this pretended match; and putting on one of my penetrating looks, I asked him if he was not deceiving me; but he confirmed the truth of his tale with such violent imprecations, cursing both soul and body so liberally, and consigning them over to the devil so entirely, if his guinea was not lost unless I played, that, abandoned as I believed him, and all of them to be, I did not think it possible for any wretch to have so totally quitted all sense of shame as to swear so horridly to a falsehood. He observed likewise, how much the match was in my favour; which, as he stated it, was actually the case; and that, though I might have a good opportunity of winning money upon my own play, yet, as it was entirely optional, I might sport or let it alone.

You

You will think me very weak and irresolute when I inform you that I could not resist the impatient longing this fellow inspired me with; but what will you say when I tell you that I had no sooner began to play, than, contemning every recollection of future consequence and shame, my money flew about the room, and I greedily snapt at every bait that was thrown out to me. Those who have never fallen a sacrifice to this infernal disease cannot have an adequate idea of its malignancy; of the pleasure that it promises, or the torture it inflicts: and those only who are acquainted with its tyranny, know how to pity their fellow-slaves.

I PLAYED with various fortune till ten o'clock, when I found myself pennyless. Stung with my egregious folly, driven to madness at the remembrance of those  
to



to whom I was indebted, I could not be contented, but would play on upon credit. This, unfortunately for me, they willingly indulged me in, as I had ever paid debts of this kind with the utmost punctuality. Thus with my hand shaking, my mind distracted, my eyes dazzled and blinded by the disorder of my brain, did I engage to play at a game that requires a cool head, a keen eye, and a steady hand, against men who knew how to take every advantage, and for sums which I was conscious of my inability to discharge.

WHILE I was in the heat of play, and, as if inspired by the daemons of the place, abjuring every title to heaven and mercy, imprecating curses on my soul, and misery on my body, Mr. Turnbull came in. I was now arrived to that height of despair, which puts us beyond  
a cer.

a certain degree of fear; and the sight of him, which at another time, in such a place, would have struck a damp over me, was disregarded. Some one who knew me, and had seen the manner of my proceeding, had kindly gone and informed Mr. Turnbull of it. He perceived my situation, and desired me to put on my coat and come home; to which I answered in a resolute tone, that I would not; while the rascals that surrounded me, said, with a deal of seeming pity, that they had advised the young gentleman to play no more, for they saw he could not win; and that they thought, he had better be persuaded and leave off. This impudent lie heightened my madness to that degree, that I uttered a volley of curses which astonished Mr. Turnbull, and he immediately left the room; in which whispers, malicious grins of triumph, lolling

ing of tongues, and winking of eyes, were exhibited with peculiar archness. I continued playing, swearing, and losing for a few minutes, till I was interrupted by the return of Mr. Turnbull, accompanied by Mr. Seldon. Nothing could have added to the horrors I felt, but this. The mace dropt from my hand, the blood forsook my cheeks, and with my mouth open and eyes staring, I stood for a moment stupid, when suddenly a fit of phrenzy seized me; I snatched up the billiard-balls that lay before me, and, with one in one hand, and the other in the other, struck myself violently on each side of the head, and dropt motionless on the floor.

In this manner did the scene shut on me for that night. With my senses, I lost the remembrance of my disgrace, till the following morning; when I awoke, though

though to less wild, yet not less poignant griefs; and it was the greatest care only, that could and did preserve me from a fever.

THE folly I had committed, the disgrace I had incurred, the impossibility of ever looking again on Mr. Seldon with confidence, added to the afflictions I endured from my unhappy love, made me resolve to quit a family, where it was impossible I should enjoy a moment's peace. Had not my own desire prompted me to this course, I should still have been obliged to have taken it. Mr. Seldon had avoided seeing or speaking to me since the sin of the billiards; it was with him a mortal one, and not to be forgiven. Accordingly, when I was out of danger from the little illness I had suffered, he sent Mr. Turnbull to me, who spoke to the following purport :  
—Mr.



—Mr. Seldon desires me to acquaint you, that it is necessary you should quit his house; it is a duty that he owes both to his peace and reputation, to harbour no one who disturbs the one, or sullies the other; he has sent you twenty guineas, with which he advises you to seek your fortune, in some place where your character is not known; being certain, he says, that no man in his senses will harbour a gambler, to the endangering, perhaps, of not only his property, but his life: he likewise adds, that you must expect no future favour from him of any kind whatever.

WHEN Turnbull had finished, he laid the guineas, which I did not offer to receive, upon a table, and, with tears in his eyes, quitted the room. I was some time before I could recover myself enough to move from the place where  
I stood;

I stood; for though I had every reason to expect something of this kind, yet it did not destroy the effect. At last I recollected myself a little, and, taking pen and ink, wrote a long letter, directed to Mr. Seldon, and put it by the side of the money he had sent me. This epistle contained an acknowledgment of my guilt, and an admiration of his lenity and goodness; many thanks for the favours I had so often received, and so ill deserved; a refusal of his last bounty, from the following motives: first, from a conviction of my unworthiness; secondly, from a resolution that, since my own indiscretion had plunged me into distress, I alone would be the sufferer; a punishment that I would not forego; and, lastly, that I could not prevail upon myself to incur any more obligations, because it was scarcely possible I should discharge them.

—I then collected such of my cloaths as were paid for, and, with my bundle in my hand, shame on my countenance, and my heart ready to burst, went, or rather slunk out of a house, in which I once thought myself universally beloved.

WITHOUT money, without a friend, that shame or pride would suffer me to disclose my distress to, or a habitation of any kind to hide my head in, I found myself in the midst of London streets, forsaken and forlorn, an outcast and alien among mankind. I had heard of people whose employment it was to kidnap and decoy others on board of ships, that they might transport them to America. Never did a wretched fearful criminal more earnestly wish for a reprieve, than, at this moment, I longed to meet with one of those friendly kidnappers.

My mind, incoherent, sunk with grief and despondency, could think of no resource from absolute starving. At last, as I was wandering at the discretion of my feet, my eye accidentally glanced upon a printed bill again the wall. This was an invitation to all those spirited young fellows, who chose to make their fortunes as common soldiers in the service of the East-India company. I beheld it with more joy than the Jews did the grapes brought from the land of promise, and was posting with all haste to enroll my name among that honourable corps, when I was prevented by one Evans, whom I had known at the spouting-clubs. He, seeing my bundle and my rueful face, asked me where I was going; to which I replied, that had he asked me five minutes sooner, I could not have informed him; but that, at present, I was for the wars. When I  
had



had explained myself he appeared greatly surprized, and told me he thought he could put me upon a better scheme than that, and one more suitable to my inclination likewise. He said, one Mac-loughlin, a famous London actor, was going over to play in Dublin; that he had been enquiring of him concerning a young fellow, such as me, and that, if I chose, he would introduce me to him; observing, that it would be time enough to carry the knapsack if the sock did not succeed. This proposal was too agreeable to be heard with inattention. Accordingly, having thanked my quondam acquaintance, and, after accepting his offer, related the deplorable state of my finances, at which he did not seem at all shocked or surprized, I, at his entreaty, accompanied him to his lodging, which was at a piece-broker's, in White-horse-yard, Drury-lane, up

three pair of stairs backwards, with a pleasant prospect of gardens in two-penny pots, smoked tiles, and right ancient chimnies.

HAVING come to a mutual explanation, I found my friend Evans but little better stocked with money than myself, the sum total being two-pence halfpenny; so that, my watch and my small wardrobe considered, I was much the richer man. He told me we need not be in want of cash at present, for that lord North's office was always open to young gentlemen in distress, who carried a watch, or had a superfluous shirt or suit of cloaths. Lord North's office was a cant phrase for a neighbouring pawnbroker's of that name, whither, with my consent, he conveyed such of my apparel as I had least need of, to be brushed and laid by, as his joke had it,  
and

and in return brought me the sum of one guinea, which might be something less than a third of its worth, and which I divided with him. As for the watch it was a new one, that I had lately had upon credit, and which, as I knew it was now out of my power to pay for, I was determined to return. This task I performed that very afternoon, in utter contradiction to the advice of Evans, who remarked with what elocution a gold tatler would plead its master's cause to the ears of the before-mentioned lord, and how carefully he always preserved such tokens of friendship, even to the condescending, sometimes, to wear them in his own fob. I wrote likewise, for I had not effrontery enough to face them, to all my creditors, and of the small hopes there were of their being paid at present, but with a promise that no opportunity should slip, whenever I had it

in my power; and this promise I have kept so faithfully, that I am now out of the dread of duns.

THE next day, as was proposed, I was introduced to Mr. Macloughlin, by whom I found Evans was employed, as a kind of scout, to pick up youngsters who had promising geniuses, it being one of this actor's passions to make actors of others; though perhaps, in some respects, the worst qualified for it of any man in the world. He was seated upon his couch, which stood by the fire, and on which, when he found himself weary or sleepy, he went to rest, either by day or night, as it happened, and sometimes did not go to bed for a fortnight together, according to the information of my conductor. As we went in we were followed by his wife, who brought him a basin of tea and some toast,



toast, with each of which he found fifty faults, in the rudest manner. While I staid he called to her several times, upon very frivolous occasions, at each of which she was dignified by the name and title of Bess. His countenance was to me, of all I had ever beheld, the most forbidding; and age, which had deprived him of his teeth, had not added to its softness. After having desired me to sit down, he eyed me pretty narrowly, and then asked me *What had put it into my head to turn actor*. The abruptness of the question disconcerted me; and it was some time before I could answer, which I did in rather a confused manner, at last, by saying I had taken *it into my head* to suppose it was genius, but that it was very possible I might be mistaken. Yes, said he, that's possible enough; and, by G—d, Sir, you are not the first that I have known so mistaken.

taken. I smiled at his satire, and he grinned ghastly with his leathern lips: a happy omen, for I perceived I had not added to the beauty of his visage, when I repeated his words. While he was drinking his tea, we discoursed upon indifferent subjects, and as I did not happen to differ in opinion with him, but on the contrary, had opportunities of saying several things which corroborated his dogmas, he was pleased to allow I had the appearance of an ingenious young man. When his beverage was finished, he desired me to speak a speech out of some play, which having performed, he remarked that he had never in his life heard a young spouter speak naturally, and therefore he was not surprised that I did not; however, as I seemed tractable and docile, if I would call on the morrow, he would hear and answer me further.

WHEN

WHEN we had descended into the street, Evans said he was sure it would do, for that I had met with a very kind reception; which indeed was the case, it not being one of this person's foibles to over-sweeten his behaviour, or conversation, with the mild honey of the graces. As I look upon him to be a very extraordinary man, I shall endeavour to give you the outlines of his picture, and though, upon the whole, he behaved exceedingly ill to me, I will be careful that the drawing shall not be out of nature.

THOUGH he was born in the last century, according to his own confession, yet the faculties of his mind did not seem in the least impaired. He is said to have been bred in the interior parts of Ireland, and in such utter ignorance that, we are told, from respect-

able authority, of his not being able to read at the age of forty; the progress, therefore, which he has made in language and literature, are astonishing testimonies of his genius and assiduity. His body, like his mind, is cast in a mould as rough as it is durable. His aspect and address confound and confuse his inferiors, and the delight he takes in making others fear and admire him, gives him an aversion to the company of those whose knowledge exceeds his own; nor did I ever hear him acknowledge superiority in any man. He has no respect to the timidity or pudency of youth or sex, but will say the most discouraging, as well as the rudest things, and receives pleasure in proportion to the pain he communicates. It is common with him to ask his pupils, why they did not rather think of becoming bricklayers



layers labourers than actors. He is impatient of contradiction to an extreme, and when he finds fault, if the culprit attempts to answer, he stops him without hearing him, with "Ha, you have always a reason for being in the wrong." This impatience goes still further, it often renders him abusive. He can pronounce scoundrel, b—h, and rascal, with ease and familiarity, and without the least annoyance to his nervous system. He pretends to the strictest degree of impartial justice, and while his passions are unconcerned, preserves it; but these are so exceedingly irritable, that the least contradiction is an insufferable insult, and the want of capacity, or immediate comprehension in his pupils is, to him, sufficient occasion to indulge his anger, which is often exceedingly rancorous, and has the direct tendency of inciting

despair instead of emulation, especially if the scholar's feelings are quick and sensible. This is too severe a climate for the tender plant of genius ever to thrive in. Though his judgment is sound, and his instructions, in general, those of a master, yet, he may be, and is, sometimes wrong; but, if the learner should dare to think for himself, or offer the least word in defence of a different opinion, it is high treason against this stage monarch; and he is more scurrilous and unmerciful than judge Jeffries. In short, if I may estimate the sensations of others by my own, those despots, who, we are told, shoot their attendants for their diversion, are not glanced at with more awe, nor much more honour than Mr. Macloughlin by his pupils and domestics.

AFTER having finished our visit, we  
ad-

adjourned to the Black Lion, in Ruffel-Street, whither many of the theatrical people resort. Here I learnt that Mr. Foote was going to take a company to Edinburgh, after the close of his summer season. Being anxious to secure myself an engagement, and the manner of Mr. Maccloughlin having neither prejudiced me much in his favour, nor given me any certain token of success, I resolved to make application to this other gentleman. Accordingly, after some slight excuse to Evans, I posted away into Suffolk-Street,

I HAD the good fortune to find the wit at breakfast with a young fellow, who he had employed partly on the stage, and partly as an amanuensis. After being shewn into the room, and desired to sit down, "Well," said he, "young gentleman, I guess your business by the  
"sheep-

“sheepishness of your manner; you have  
“got the theatrical cacoethes, you have  
“rubbed your shoulder against the scene,  
“hey? is it not so?”—I replied in the  
affirmative; “Well, and what great he-  
“ro should you wish to personate?  
“Hamlet, or Richard, or Othello, or  
“who?” I answered I distrusted my  
capability of performing any that he  
had mentioned; “Indeed!” said he,  
“that’s a wonderful sign of grace. I  
“have been teased for these many years  
“by all the spouters in London, of  
“which honourable fraternity I dare  
“say you are a member; for, I can  
“perceive no stage varnish, none of  
“the true strolling brass lacker on your  
“face”--“No indeed, Sir”--“I thought  
“so. Well Sir, I never saw a spouter  
“before that did not want to surprize  
“the town in Pierre, or Lothario, or  
“some character that requires every  
“requisite



“ requisite and address of a master in  
“ the art. But come, give us a touch  
“ of your quality; a speech: here’s a  
“ youngster,” pointing to his secretary,  
“ will roar Jaffier against Pierre, the  
“ loudest take both.” Accordingly he  
held the book, and at it we fell; the  
scene we chose was the first of the be-  
fore-mentioned gentlemen in Venice  
Preserved. For a little while at the  
beginning, I took the roaring hint he  
had thrown out, and restrained my wrath,  
but it appeared so insipid, and the ideas  
of rant and excellence were so strong-  
ly connected in my mind, that when  
Jaffier began to exalt his voice, I could  
no longer contain my indignation, but  
as Nic Bottom says, \* we roared so, that  
it would have done your heart good to  
have heard us. Foote smiled, and af-  
ter enduring this vigorous attack upon

\* Midsummer Night’s Dream.

his tympanum as long as he was able, interrupted us.

FAR from discouraging me, he told me that, with respect to giving the meaning of the words, I spoke much more correct than he expected; but, said he, like other novices, you seem to imagine all excellence lays in the lungs; whereas, such violent exertions should be used but very sparingly, and upon extraordinary occasions; for besides that these two gentlemen, instead of straining their throats, are supposed to be in common conversation, if an actor makes no reserve of his powers, how is he to rise consistent to the tone of the passion? He then read the scene we had rehearsed, and with so much propriety and ease, as well as force, that I was surprized, having always supposed risibility the only emotion he could inspire.

AFTER

AFTER this, he demanded if I could sing, to which I answered in the affirmative, and, that I had likewise some knowledge of music; for you know it is a science that I, as well as you, always took great delight in. When he had heard me chant, he praised my voice, but told me, that, as I was entirely inexperienced with respect to the stage, if I was engaged with him, my salary at first would be very low. He said it was impossible to judge with certainty of stage requisites, till they had been proved; and that, if after having considered of it, I judged it expedient to accept of one pound per week, I might come to him again a day or two before the theatre in the Hay-market shut up; but that, if I could meet with a more flattering offer in the mean time, he begged this might be no obstacle; for that, as I might suppose, it would be of no consequence  
to

to him, and wished me a good morning.

I CAME away from this great wit, delighted with the easiness and frankness of his behaviour, and elated with my success. However, as I had promised Mac-loughlin to call, I did not think proper to fail. Accordingly, at this my second visit, he gave me a part to read in a piece which he himself was the author of, and which had met with much success. When I had finished this task, with which he appeared tolerably satisfied, he paid my understanding a great compliment, by reading some scenes of a new comedy, which he was then writing. Not that I can suppose he expected me to make any remarks that could assist him, but from that kind of weakness, to which the strongest minds are in some degree subject, a desire of applause,  
and



and a hope that others will corroborate the vast opinion we, at certain moments, entertain of our own capacity. This is in some degree laudable, at least excusable; and, where genius is really concerned, must become extravagant to merit our censure. The scenes that I heard were characteristic and satirical, and met with my sincere and hearty approbation, which I suppose did not a little contribute to prejudice MacLoughlin in my favour.

I THOUGHT myself bound in honour not to act with duplicity; I therefore told him of the offer I had had from Foote, giving at the same time my reason for such conduct, namely, the necessity I was under of getting into some employment, or starving. He allowed the cogency of it, but said he thought I might do better in Ireland. He asked if I had any objection

jection to become a prompter, adding that it was profitable, and an office, from the good hand I wrote, and other circumstances, for which I might easily be qualified. I answered he was the best judge of that, and that I had no other dislike to it, except that it would be more agreeable to my inclination to be an actor. This, he replied, might be indulged, and render me so much the more useful. Little parts would be frequently wanting; the going on for these would accustom me to face the audience and tread the stage, which would prepare me for better. I then demanded what salary I should have annexed to this business; to which he answered, that as I had my trade to learn, I could not expect so much as a better workman; but that, since there was a deal of trouble in it, I could not have less than thirty shillings, especially as

I un-

I undertook to do small parts occasionally. He informed me that he was not manager himself, he only went as a performer; but that Mr. M—n, one of the managers was in town, with whom he would speak concerning me, and in two or three days I might have a positive answer. In the mean time he desired I would call on a morning, and he would give me instructions in the part I had read to him, for that he had some thoughts of letting me play it. I was sensible of his favours, and after making him every acknowledgment, departed much better pleased than at my first visit.

ADIEU.—My next will finish this long enumeration of trifles.

W. HILKIRK.

L E T-

## L E T T E R V.

Mr. STAMFORD, Jun. to Mr. ALWYN.

Dear HARRY,

I WAS happy in receiving your favour, which, though not to be called a short one, I found deficient in many particulars—perhaps the impatience of my regard for you made me think so. This is finding fault, you'll say, and in truth I find myself a little disposed to blame you, for giving no account of the heroes and demi-gods into whose society you are, I presume, by this time admitted. Your offer of correspondence I accept with much pleasure, but give you warning, that I shall expect a very minute account of all your transactions, which cannot fail of being important; and, on the other hand, as I  
am



am not so situated as to expect a series of adventures, you must allow me to finish *sans ceremonie*, when I have nothing to communicate. I should be very much inclined to laugh at your plan of operations, if the circumstances that engage my notice were of less consequence to your happiness. We have all been very dull since your departure. My father is frequently observing, that he misses his favourite Harry, and never mentions your name without some epithet expressive of his love or good opinion. Maria, poor girl, feels, I fear, too powerfully the effects of love. You often said, when I remarked the tenderness of my sister's behaviour to you, that it proceeded only from the sweetness of her temper, and the benevolence of her disposition, and not from any real partiality in your favour. That modesty which makes you blind to your  
own

own merit, occasioned your saying so; but I always thought otherwise, and your absence confirms me in that opinion. Her cheerfulness is fled, she often complains she is not well, and takes every opportunity of stealing from company. Her harpsichord is her only amusement, where she is continually singing that plaintive little song you wrote, and which, with the assistance of her music-master, she set. I have often observed the tear starting from her eye at the last stanza, which she sings with the most pathetic expression, seeming to breathe forth her soul in the melody. This she often apologizes for, with a forced smile. "I know brother," says she, "you think me very foolish for being so affected with feigned sorrows, but I cannot help it." I always tell her I love her for it, for tears of compassion are nature's marks

marks of distinction, and the heart that never melts is less than human. Whenever your name is mentioned, her bosom heaves with a sigh, that she in vain endeavours to suppress; and when I told my father I had heard from you, she could scarcely conceal her emotions.

SHE begged I would let you know, that she misses your company and assistance at her studies, and hoped you would recover your health, so as to enable you to return to town next winter. Besides, said she, you may tell him I am quite at a loss for a beau. As for a beau, replied my father, I take it you will soon be provided with one without waiting for our Harry; for Mr. Maitland acquaints me, that his son Tom is coming up to town next week, and who knows what may happen between this and Christmas. The last

sentence was spoke in a kind of arch manner, that shewed his visit was in consequence of a previous agreement between old Maitland and him. Maria understood it so, and, making a half bow of acknowledgment, sat very grave and silent during the rest of the conversation.

THIS passed at dinner, and in the evening, when the business in the counting-house was settled, my father sent for me into his study, where I found him sitting with a letter in his hand.

“CHARLES,” said he, “I have, for  
“some time, been considering about  
“settling you and your sister in life,  
“as it would be the highest satisfac-  
“tion to me to see my children re-  
“spectably situated before I die. An  
“idle man of property is a more use-  
“less being than the indolent in a  
“lower



“ lower situation. The man of great  
“ fortune and influence owes to the  
“ state his advice and protection; and  
“ he whose situation does not imme-  
“ diately call him into life is, neverthe-  
“ less, bound, in a great measure, to en-  
“ ter into society; for indolence and  
“ inactivity are only for those who  
“ have spent the former part of their  
“ lives in that reciprocation of gov-  
“ ernment offices that the wants of mankind  
“ demand. Considerations of this na-  
“ ture induced me to bring you up  
“ in the mercantile line; and I know  
“ you regard my advice enough to  
“ continue in it after I am gone. I  
“ shall not, now, enlarge on the profes-  
“ sion, nor remind you in how many  
“ ways it will be in your power to assist  
“ and support individuals, as well as  
“ your country, without injuring your-  
“ self; but am, at present, to acquaint  
“ you that I have determined to ad-

“ mit you into partnership with  
“ me, and that the articles are now  
“ ready for executing.” I was going  
to answer when he proceeded thus; “ I  
“ shall continue in the house, if I live,  
“ four years; at the expiration of which  
“ term I shall quit the business in  
“ your favour, and retire to finish my  
“ days at my house in Kent. As for  
Maria,” continued he, “ this letter  
contains a proposal which I think  
much to her advantage. It is from  
“ my old friend Maitland, and I have  
“ answered it by to-night’s post, in-  
“ forming him, that I intend to give  
“ her fifteen thousand pounds; besides  
“ which, she is possessed of a little  
“ estate of about 200l. a year, left her  
“ by her aunt Conan; but that she will  
“ have no more till after my decease.  
“ I shall say nothing to Maria on the  
“ subject, till young Maitland arrives,  
“ but expect the marriage will be cele-  
“ brated

"brated some time next winter, when  
"his father comes to town."

I DARE say, my dear Harry, this will prove a heart-felt stroke to you. I assure you that I feel for you, as well as my sister, who, I am convinced will be very unhappy, if the match takes place. My father is, I fear, too much a man of the world, ever to consent to your wishes; which, for my part, I sincerely desire to see accomplished, though the present prospect affords no ground for hope; but whatever turn affairs may take, you may depend on having frequent accounts from me. I am,

Dear Harry, your sincere Friend,

C. STAMFORD.

P. S. I have enclosed a copy of the letter from Mr. Maitland to my father, and need make no comment on the peculiarity of the style, &c.

E 3

LET-

## LETTER VI.

Mr. MAITLAND, to STAMFORD,  
 Senior.

My Good Friend, *Maitland-Hall.*

**I**T is a theorem, that admits of mathematical demonstration, that the propagation of the human species is accelerated in the direct ratio of the mutual attraction that subsists between the two sexes.

It is likewise evident, that the perpetuity of every system is consequent to the preservation of order: whence it follows,

THAT it becomes us, *quoad potestatem*, in the orbits of our respective influences, to bring the attractive bodies within the sphere of attraction.

I WAS



I WAS prevented from coming to town last winter by an attempt to discover the cause of bubbles in ice by reducing it to an impalpable powder; but I shall certainly see you next winter, *si vis inertiae non ob*

IN the mean time, by the help of the foregoing lemmata, you will easily conceive the following investigation.

LET the attractive powers of your daughter be separated by the letter *c*, and call her portion *m*.

AGAIN. Let the centripetal force of my son Tom be denoted by the letter *p*, and his eccentricity (of which I am informed he has an unknown quantity) by *x*.

E 4

THEN,

THEN Maria's whole attractive power will be equal to  $c + m$ .

AND, if the mass of  $m$  being undetermined, the revolution round Maria will be expressed in an elliptical orbit, his distances varying at different times.

MARIA will be the focus.

NOW, if the quantity  $m$  is sufficiently powerful, Tom will approximate in a spiral curve, and will at length fall into the focus.

BUT if  $m$  should be deficient in ponderosity, Tom will fly off in a tangent.

I HAVE sent for him from college, to try the experiment, and he will be with you

you next week. In the interim, you will please to calculate the value of the unknown quantity  $m$ , and send me the result, that I may complete the solution. I remain, my good friend,

Your's to command,

HUMPHRY MAITLAND.

E 5 LET-

## L E T T E R VII.

Mr. HILKIRK to Mr. ALWYN.

Dear HARRY,

I RECEIVED your's from Kendal, by which I am informed of your safe arrival. I am glad that the relation of my adventures has afforded you pleasure and, in compliance with your request, I shall here send you the remainder. It is a happiness to me to be able to gratify or oblige my friend at so cheap a rate.

It was not long before every thing was settled in the manner proposed by Mr. Maccloughlin, and I was informed it was necessary for me to set off for Dublin, it being the intention of the proprietors to open the theatre about the beginning of October. In consequence



quence of my desire to appear in some manner he had promised, not only to procure me such an opportunity, but, likewise, to instruct and become my patron; and, upon my representing to him my want of cash for the journey, he lent me six guineas on the part of the managers, and gave me a letter to Mr. O'Neal, who would, out of respect to him, provide me with a lodging and do me other services of the like nature which could not but be agreeable to a youngster like me.

I REWARDED my friend Evans with a guinea, redeemed my cloaths with another, and left London, elated with the most flattering prospects. Could I have forgot the name of Julia and the family of Seldon I should, at this moment, have been a stranger to sorrow: but that was impossible.

ABOUT the latter end of September I arrived in Dublin. The scene, and the vast difference in the œconomy and manners of the people, made a strong impression upon my imagination. The bar at the mouth of the Liffy renders the entrance up that river passable but to ships of small burthen, and to them only when the tide serves. It was low water when we came to the mouth of it, and a boat came along side of our vessel, into which most of the cabin and steerage passengers went, rather than wait another tide, and I among the rest. The river divides the city, and there were about a dozen who were set on shore on the quay; but I, as per letter, enquired for Capel-street, which was on the contrary side. Thither, accordingly, I was carried, and my trunk and myself landed in a beer-house. I was astonished when the water-ruffians, with their

their red beards, black hair, and wild eyes, demanded five and five-pence, together with a quart of three-penny, for my carriage from the packet; the more so, as I had seen the other passengers give but a shilling each, and one or two of the meaner among them only six-pence. I remonstrated at the imposition, and quoted the precedent of the shilling; to which one of these modest gentry replied, in the true Connaught accent, "*F'wby*, now blood and ouns, sure  
" we can see now that you are a sweet  
" honey of an English young *Jontle-*  
" *man*; and sure, *agrab*, I always de-  
" light to see an English *Jontleman* sit his  
" foot on board my boat. Long life to  
" 'em; they don't come like Spalpeens,  
" *wid* a six-pence halfpenny in their  
" hand, sure *f'wby*, to a poor man.  
" And so as you are a stranger, *f'wby*,  
" we brought you to this beer-house,  
" *because*

" *becase* as *f'wby*, the *divel* so honest  
" a *fillow* is there in all whole city  
" of Dublin as my landlord were."——

To this harangue the landlord, who pretended to be in my interest, replied, that " to be sure, there was not two  
" *honester fillows bratking* than Pat  
" M'Cullogh and Brian O'Flanagan;  
" but *howiver*, the *divel* burn you Bri-  
" an," added he, " you see the *Jontle-*  
" *man* is a stranger, and so you must  
" take no more than four and four-  
" pence; which, Sir, is just four Eng-  
" lish shillings, and the pot of three-  
" penny."

THE wildness of their looks, the smoothness of their tongues, and the possession they had taken of my trunk, upon which one of them seated himself, while the other argued the case, occasioned me to comply with their demands;



mands; but that which was the greatest cause of admiration to me in the whole scene was, that the landlord, who swore by the holy Father to their honesty, while I was paying them, no sooner saw their backs turned, than, according to his own phraseology, “ he pitched them to the *divel*, for a couple of cut-throat, *chating* rascals, that *desarved* hanging worse than a murderer.”

I AM sorry to say that, during my short stay in Ireland, I had but too many occasions to observe a shocking depravity of morals, which I attribute, either to the laws, or the want of a due enforcement of them. The Irish are habitually, not naturally, licentious. They have all that warmth and generosity which are the characteristics of the best dispositions; and, when properly educated, are an honour to mankind. Hi-

bernia

bernia has produced many first-rate geniuses, and, in my opinion, nothing but the foregoing circumstance has prevented her from producing many more. It is the legislature that forms the manners of a nation.

WHEN I set out from London, I was assured that the house would open at the beginning of October, but it was November before the season commenced; so that my finances were once again exhausted, and I was obliged to apply, on the credit of Maccloughlin, to Mr. O'Neal, for a farther supply. Our acting manager was one O'Dogherty, alias Dawson, a busy, bustling fellow, that pretended to carry the world before him. Void of principle, an enemy to truth, except when it served his purpose better than falsehood; inured to flattery from the poor wretches whom  
he

he employed as servants about the house, and whom it was his custom to kick with the utmost familiarity, whenever he found himself so disposed, I presently discovered there was an insurmountable antipathy between his disposition and mine. But the means of my existence were at stake; I endeavoured, therefore, to accommodate myself as much to his temper as possible, and waited for the arrival of Maccloughlin with the utmost impatience. I understood my engagement to have been permanently fixed at thirty shillings a week; but, when I went to the treasury, I found it reduced to a guinea; and whenever I pleaded my agreement, received the most mortifying and insulting answers. I perceived the utter improbability of my becoming a favourite. None were so but such as could administer the most gross flattery, and who

listened to whatever was said in the theatre concerning this demagogue and his management, and repeated the gleanings of their industry in his private ear.—I vainly supposed the presence of Macloughlin would put an end to all my grievances; I looked up to him as my patron, as one who had been the occasion of my leaving England, who had pledged himself to be my friend, and was bound to protect me. Whether O'Dogherty had prejudiced him against me, or whether he observed my deficiency at adulation, I cannot determine, but I found him very cold in my interest, and far more disposed to brow-beat than countenance me. He had promised to teach me a part, and bring me out in it; and when I ventured to remind him of it, I received only sarcastic remarks on my inability. I persisted in asserting the positiveness of  
my



my agreement respecting my salary, concerning which Macloughlin had the meanness to equivocate; but I could only obtain an addition of four shillings per week. Instead of directing, or assisting me in my business as a prompter, which he had engaged to do before I consented to undertake it, he took every opportunity of venting his tenfold portion of spleen upon me.

INCAPABLE of extricating myself, I endured the mean insults of ignorance and malice for five months, till the money which I had borrowed had been deducted from my stipend, and then O'Dogherty immediately discharged me. It would be no easy matter to describe what I felt at this moment. I had not five shillings in the world, was in a strange kingdom, and had no means, now that I was shut out from the theatre,

tre, of obtaining a subsistence. I beheld nothing but misery and famine, and imprecated curses on Macloughlin, for the perfidiousness of his conduct towards me. Of this I was so sensible, that, though the severity of his manner had gained an entire ascendancy over me, I went to his house, and with the utmost firmness, after premising that I would rather starve than incur a fresh obligation from *him*, displayed the impropriety and injustice with which he had treated, and the shocking necessity to which he had reduced me in such animated terms, that all his accustomed sternness fled, and the Cynic stood abashed before the boy.

THE money which had been deducted from my salary to discharge my debt was so considerable that I had not been able to pay my lodging. I had  
a bill

a bill against me there, of between three and four pounds. It is true, there was another theatre open in Smock-alley, under the direction of Mossop; but he was insolvent, and none of his people were paid. Here, however, as to a dernier resort did I apply, and was engaged at the same nominal salary that I had had at Capel-street.

A FEW days after this event I was told, by an acquaintance, that a stranger had been making enquiries after me in a very circumstantial and particular manner; and that he appeared much affected when he heard how I had been treated by O'Dogherty and MacLoughlin. The description of this stranger's person answered exactly to that of Mr. Turnbull. I received this intelligence at the theatre; and, when I returned home, I found a letter directed to me, and a ten pound bank

bank bill enclosed. The contents informed me that the donor was an old friend who had a sincere regard for me; and who, if I persevered in my distress to preserve my principles, did not doubt of seeing me, on some future day, as much favoured of fortune as I was, at present, persecuted by her. The *character* of this epistle, though purposely disguised, confirmed me in the opinion that Turnbull was the old friend alluded to.

THIS event called up a train of ideas of the most impassioned kind. My former companions, my patron's care, conspicuous in its severity, the friendship of Turnbull, which now appeared even romantic, for I could not place his journey to the account of business, Mr. Seldon having no connexions in Dublin, added to the fond remembrance of Julia, and contrasted with the forlorn



lorn condition in which I then beheld myself, gave me the most poignant sense of the alteration. At one moment, all possibility of future happiness vanished; and at the next, a gleam of hope beamed in the prophecy which the letter contained. This, while it left a kind of riddle in my imagination, which I yet cannot tell how to solve, fortified me in my former resolutions of preserving my integrity.

It soon appeared that there was no probability of being paid for my performance at Mossop's theatre; I therefore very willingly quitted Dublin in March, and went on board the packet for Parkgate, resolving that, if I must be miserable, England should be the scene of my sufferings. The wind was fair till we had lost sight of the hill of Hoath; but presently, after sun-set, a hurri-

hurricane came on, which, in this narrow and rocky sea put our lives in imminent danger. Of this, however, the violence of the sea-sickness made me insensible. We were drove, during the storm, considerably to the north, and such was the ignorance of the master and his two or three superannuated mariners, that he continued sailing northward, having no knowledge of navigation, but what he had gained by coasting between the two kingdoms. This, in the present conjuncture, was of nouse to him; so that, in all likelihood, we should have made the tour of Greenland, had not an intelligent Scotchman, among the passengers, known some of the headlands in his own country. The blockhead of a master would have contested the point, and proceeded to the land of bears, had not the company perceived his stupidity and joined the North Briton, who, with

with a degree of warmth expressive of his attachment to his bleak hills, called out, "What the de'el mon, d'ye think  
" I dinna ken the craig of Elsey."

THIS extraordinary voyage kept us eight days without putting into any port, except sending the boat on shore on the evening of the seventh, at the Isle of Man, to procure some provisions for the passengers, who were almost starved, having devoured the stock which is usually provided for these kind of voyages in a day or two after the storm had abated. The reason why we were so very long in making our port was, the extraordinary calm that had succeeded; which the mariners, who are the most superstitious of all human beings, attributed to there being some Jonas on board. This opinion they had inculcated among the poor devils who

pay half a crown for their passage in the hold; who were as ignorant as themselves, and far more mischievous. Unhappily for me, I was the person on whom their suspicions alighted the strongest. They had discovered me to be a player, a profession consigned over, by the almost universal consent of mankind, to the devil. For what reason I could never yet discover. This ridiculous belief, however, had nearly cost me my life. The wild Irish in the hold were chiefly catholics, and the sixth day from our departure happened to be Easter Sunday. I had sauntered off the quarter-deck, with a volume of *Hudibras* in my hand, and walked to the other end of the vessel, when I found myself encircled by two or three fellows with most ferocious countenances, who were staring at me with looks expressive of loathing and revenge. Most  
of



of the passengers were at breakfast, and nobody upon deck but these ragamuffins, and a couple of the mariners, who joined them. The particularity of their manner attracted my notice, and one of them asked me, with his lips quivering with passion, "If I had not better be getting a prayer-book, than be radeing plays upon that blissed day."—I perceived the fellows were inebriated, and, like a rash fool, instead of soothing, asked them if they imagined there was as much harm in *radeing* a play as in getting drunk, and so early in the morning too. "By the holy fadther," replied the spokesman, "I know you. You are the Jonas, and by Jafus the ship will niver see land till you are tossed over-board, you and your plays along wid you; and sure it will be a grate dale better that such a wicked wretch as you

“ should go to the bottom, than that  
“ all the poor innocent fowls in the ship  
“ should be lost.” This speech entirely  
disconcerted me. The resolute tone  
of the rascal, and the approbation which  
his companions discovered were alarming.  
I preserved fortitude sufficient  
to assure them, it was not a play-book  
that I was reading, and opened it to  
convince them, while I edged away to-  
wards the quarter-deck, which I gained  
almost in the same manner that a cat  
keeps curs at bay till she steals into  
her hole.

I FEAR I tire you with these tedious  
accounts of myself: you say not; be it  
as it will, I have taken the liberty of  
a friend; and as you appear depressed  
with the peculiarity of your situation,  
my intention is only that you may  
compare notes, and see whether you  
have

have hitherto been equally unfortunate. I have little more to relate that is worth your hearing. I arrived at Chester, and resolved to write to such travelling companies as I could procure any intelligence of. My knowledge of music, my talents as a singer, and my recent arrival from Dublin, were recommendations that ensured me several engagements. I chose one in a company that was then at Leeds in Yorkshire. In this my ill stars were again predominant. I found them in a state of anarchy, despised by the town, and quarrelling with one another, their manager calling them all rascals, and they returning the compliment. Here I discovered, too, how necessary practice is to the player; and that, though some of them could scarce read, they could all speak on the stage better than I could.

IN less than three weeks the greater part of the people separated, and, no others coming to supply their places, the company no longer existed. A letter had followed me from Chester, inviting me to join another sett, then at Hereford; but it had been wrote near a month, it was a hundred and sixty miles across the country, and I did not know, if I set out, whether I should find them there; or if I did, whether they might then stand in need of my assistance. But my ten pound bill was, by this time, notwithstanding all my oeconomy, reduced to eleven shillings and six-pence. With a heavy heart then, and a light purse, did I begin another journey; and on the fifth day of my peregrination, entered an inn by the road-side, which was eight and twenty miles from Hereford, with the sum of nine-pence in my pocket, and made  
my



my exit in the morning pennyless. The fatigue of my journey, and the penurious manner in which I had lived, had so reduced my spirits, that I found great difficulty in performing this last day's task upon an empty stomach; but there was no remedy. About four o'clock I ascended the hill that looks down upon this ancient city, at sight of which, a thousand anxieties took possession of my bosom. The players might be gone, and I, unknown to every living creature, had a spirit incapable of confessing the starving condition to which I was reduced. I enquired of the first man I met, with an emotion that it is impossible to describe, if the comedians had left Hereford; and leave you to imagine what I felt, when he answered in the negative. Faint, weary, and ready to drop with hunger, I traversed the town to enquire for the manager; but it was one

of the nights on which they did not perform, and he was not to be found. I was directed to his brother, who was a barber in the city; and upon their observing my weakness, and desiring to know if I was not well, I collected courage enough to tell them that I was greatly fatigued, having come a long journey, and for the last day not having broke my fast, except at the brook. I know not what kind of stuff some peoples hearts are made of, but I know that, notwithstanding this confession, in the making of which I had done great violence to my feelings, they heard it without offering me any assistance, or even so much as testifying either surprise or pity, and I quitted the house with the tears in my eyes.

WHEN the players understood a fresh member was come to join them, they,

they, from sympathy, soon discovered my disease; and when I gave them the anecdote of the barber, consigned him over to the devil, in a most emphatical manner. Little, except common occurrences, has happened to me since that time.

I STAYED with this company some time, till a difference with the manager occasioned me to leave it. I have since been only with Santlo, and the one to which I have lately removed. The smallest trifles that any way affect the fortunes of a friend, I believe, are heard with pleasure, or anxiety; and though I do not, by any means, think myself either the *only*, or the *most* unfortunate person in the world, I have offered these anecdotes of my life, both to amuse and convince you, that in appearance, at least, you have been far more happy

F 5 than.

than I. There is another motive, you know how delighted I am with your correspondence. Though you are not in arrear with respect to tale, you are certainly deficient in weight; I therefore hope you will communicate with the utmost freedom, whatever futurity shall produce, and if you are not already wearied, I shall continue to trifle as occasion may offer. Adieu.

W. HILKIRK,

LET-



## LETTER VIII.

Miss STAMFORD, to Miss GOWLAND.

My dear JULIA,

**H**OW long shall I wish, in vain, for the pleasure of your company? Your last letter gave me reason to hope for it a fortnight ago. I have ever since been in expectation of seeing you, and long to communicate the secrets of my bosom. Oh, my Julia, I am very wretched. I have lost my former cheerfulness, and can think of nothing but my misfortunes.

I know your tender and compassionate disposition will sympathize with me in deploring the effects of a passion that has taken possession of my unguarded heart. Alas, I knew not it

was love! Under the specious disguise of friendship I have deceived myself, and simply thought it in my power to limit my inclinations to esteem and regard. Fatal experience has shewn the contrary. I sigh for a happiness that every hour removes farther from me.

I WILL now tell you all, and, if I am tedious, you will excuse it. It is some relief to communicate my sorrows by letter, since your company is denied me.

WHEN my father was young, he was frequently employed on the Continent, in transacting business on account of my grandfather. On one of these occasions he went on board a ship, up the Straits, in which one captain Alwyn was a passenger for Gibraltar, where his company then was. They became  
very

very intimate, and their friendship was confirmed by an accident, that happened during the voyage.

It was at that time war with France, and the sailors spied a ship, which they supposed to be a French man of war. My father went up the rope-ladders to look at it, and unfortunately slipped into the sea, where he must have perished, if Alwyn had not instantly jumped after, and sustained him by swimming, till a boat could be sent to their assistance. I have often heard my father mention, with regret, that he never saw him since they parted at Gibraltar, he being slain in battle, a few years afterwards.

Long after this, calling on Messrs. Brown and Co. army-agents, he there saw a lady of the name of Alwyn; and  
curiosity

curiosity prompting him to make some enquiries, he found she was the widow of his friend. She had with her an only son, whom she had brought to town from school, to place in some business; and my father, happy in an opportunity of shewing his attachment, as well as gratifying his own benevolent disposition, begged she would leave to him the care of providing for her Harry, for so he was called. He was in consequence received into the counting-house, where, till lately, he has ever since remained.

I WAS then at school, where I have passed so many happy hours with my dear Miss Gowland. Hours of peaceful enjoyment that never will return! I had few opportunities of cultivating Mr. Alwyn's acquaintance till I entirely quitted Mrs. Carrington's, when I found  
him



him furprisingly grown, and adorned with every quality that distinguishes the man of merit.

HIS education had been of the first stamp, to which he had added that polish which the finer accomplishments are sure to bestow, where the understanding is good. His temper and address were the most pleasing in the world; and a consciousness of the obligations he owed my father, seemed to shew itself in all his actions. I do not know whether that consciousness made him diffident, but I thought so; and, as well to second my father's good intentions as to shew my own sense of his merit, I gave him every mark of esteem and friendship in my power.

HE was made principal clerk about that time, for which reason his attendance

dance was not so immediately required in the counting-house. My brother and he were therefore always together, and very often would accompany me on the harpsichord. Mr. Alwyn had a turn for poetry, which now and then appeared in a song; these were always set by my music-master, and formed a principal part of our entertainment. I have several by me, which I will shew you when we meet.

By these means we soon became on the most intimate terms of friendship; and it was with great concern I observed his health decline for these six months past. I did not suspect his love till he presented me with the following song, which was so applicable to himself, that it could not escape my observation.

S O N G.

## S O N G.

O love! thou powerful pleasing pain!  
The heart that owns thy mighty sway  
Shall ne'er recover peace again,  
But waste in sighs the chearful day.

Can words describe my countless fears,  
While on the rack of doubt I lie?  
While doom'd to pass my time in tears,  
Condemn'd without complaint to die.

Alas! should love be mutual found,  
What num'rous obstacles arise,  
What great, what various ills abound,  
To check the ardent, tender ties.

In vain I wish for lost repose,  
In vain would absence bring relief:  
Still love within my bosom glows,  
And death alone can calm my grief.

I MUST confess the discovery gave  
me pleasure; but I thought it best to  
make no alteration in my conduct to-  
wards him. Little did I then think my  
regard for him was capable of occasion-  
ing

ing so much uneasiness in my bosom. But his farewell, when he went into the country for the recovery of his health, was attended with a look, in which despair and resignation were so blended, that I was quite melted, and was obliged to retire to conceal my tears.

ALAS! exclaimed I, it is true that I love him, and that he is unhappy! Perhaps his fatal passion may prove the bane of all his hopes. Perhaps the struggle between love and gratitude, in a mind so truly susceptible of every noble feeling, may overcome him, and he may pine under the hated load of life. But why *perhaps*? the work is already begun. Already his health and spirits are fled; and he wanders in vain, in search of peace.

OPPRESSED



OPPRESSED with thoughts like these, and convinced by absence how much I love him, I find it impossible to conceal the alteration in my disposition. I continue whole days in my chamber, and avoid company, under pretence of illness. My brother, I believe, suspects the real cause; for he found me the other morning in tears at my harpsichord, singing the little song I have sent you. I made some silly excuse, which, out of good-nature, he accepted of without further enquiry.

BUT the most afflicting circumstance is, that my father is in treaty with a gentleman in the country, to conclude a marriage between me and his son, who is now in town expressly on that business. If I did not feel myself too much prejudiced in favour of Mr. Alwyn ever to love another, I am sure *he*  
is

is very far from being the person I would pass my life with. I do not believe it possible for him to be serious. He is for ever on some whim or project, as if he valued himself only in proportion to his capacity for promoting mischief; and his want of delicacy is insufferable, when I call to mind the tender and respectful attentions of poor Mr. Alwyn.

THINK, my dear Julia, on my situation. I am sure you'll pity me; but it does not admit of advice. If my father insists I must submit, for I can never think of disobeying his commands; yet I tremble at the thoughts of becoming Maitland's wife.—Oh, my dear, I am distracted with a croud of thoughts. I beg you'll come to me, and am,

Your's most affectionately,

MARIA STAMFORD.

L E T-

## LETTER IX.

Mr. STAMFORD, Jun. to Mr. ALWYN.

Dear HARRY,

I WROTE to you last week, in answer to your's; but have not since had the pleasure of a line from you. Old Maitland's sending my father a proposal of marriage, in the form of a mathematical problem, is truly whimsical. What is still more, my father assures me that there is no joke at all meant by it; but, that he seriously intends to make himself understood. If he intended quite the contrary, I think he could not have adopted a better method.

YOUNG Maitland is arrived, *to try the experiment*, as his father expresses it; but Maria does not seem disposed to exert

exert her *attractive influence*. She is constantly wrapt in thought, and takes very little notice of him, and he does not appear to care much about it. He is one of those wild youths, who, though possessed of sense and understanding, have too much vivacity to use them. I am afraid Maria, who is all meekness and delicacy, will be very unhappy with him if the match succeeds, and I see nothing at present, to hinder it, for she will never dispute her father's will; and young Maitland seems as if he thought it no affair of his, but leaves it to the management and direction of the old folks,

I HAVE agreed to accompany him to Maitland-hall, in a fortnight, where I promise myself a vast fund of entertainment from the oddities of his father. We should have set out sooner, but that



that it would be impolite to leave Miss Gowland, who is now on a visit to my sister. You have often heard Maria mention her. They were at Mrs. Carrington's boarding-school together, and contracted a friendship, which is founded in the most perfect union of disposition and sentiment.

Miss Gowland is rather above the middle stature, but perfectly well-shaped and genteel. She cannot be called handsome; but the *tout ensemble* of her countenance, is so expressive of every amiable trait of disposition, that it is impossible to behold her without esteem. I think she differs from Maria, in a kind of volatility that I cannot describe better, than by comparing her to the Allegro, and Maria to the Penseroso of Milton. Each for the time claims the preference.

Nec

*Nec diversa tamen : qualem decet esse sororum.*

BUT Maria's hopeless love may tend, at present, to heighten the opposition.

FOR me, I still continue heart-whole. The destinies have not yet made a lover of me. The only concern that engrosses my attention, is the fate of my dear friend, and poor Maria. I know she will never love Maitland, and in any case but the present, I am sure my father would not oppose her inclination. I never saw him so bent on any affair, as on this; and though old Maitland's letter had a great deal of frigidity in it, it is only owing to his ridiculous attempt to bring every thing to the test of mathematical demonstration; for, they have both intended the match for some years. The nature of their attachment you will judge from the following narration. I had it from my father,

father, one evening, as we were conversing on this subject.

BEING both in the same class at school, the mutual assistance which they afforded each other in their studies was the first ground of particular intimacy. Possessed of nearly the same dispositions, and equally unacquainted with the world, they spent their early youth among the heroes of antiquity, and incited each other to emulate their virtues. But they were chiefly enamoured with those pleasing descriptions of retirement and solitude with which the poets abound, and from them formed the idea of a kind of life that seldom exists but in the imagination. Instead of wishing to cut a figure in the world, their desires were fixed on some peaceful retreat, where their employment might be to tend their flocks,

and repose on the verdant banks of a rivulet,

“Far from the busy world, and all its cares.”

THESE ideas were still more enforced by the rural situation of the school, which gave them an opportunity of forming grottoes, and other poetical edifices; and there was scarce a grove or stream in the neighbourhood that did not, at one time or other, afford them a subject for an ode.

AFTER passing two years in this sweet delusion, my father began to awake, and consider himself as an inhabitant of this world; but it was not so with Maitland. He had, indeed, discovered, that the Heathen mythology was a fiction; for his master had not sense to put him into the rational way of studying it. It was therefore no longer the  
object



object of his attention; yet, with the poets, afforded him a temporary amusement. But his inquisitive disposition was now fully employed in the mathematics and natural philosophy; in which, at the time of his leaving the place, he was so totally immersed, that he came into the world with less real knowledge of it, than a boy of ten years old, brought up in the capital, usually has.

His father, possessed of a considerable fortune, acquired by his own industry, was very desirous of putting his son in a line of employment that might tend to improve, rather than diminish it: and in consequence, he was admitted on the firm of a very considerable house at Amsterdam; where he remained, till his father's death put

G 2

him

him in possession of the estate he now enjoys.

My father, who came to town from school nearly at the same time as Maitland, was immediately placed at the desk in my grandfather's counting-house; and, by attention and assiduity, rendered himself so useful, that, some years before his death, he gave him a half share of the business.

You do not know, perhaps, that at my grandfather's death an execution was laid in the house; for, as the affair was well settled, it was always kept a profound secret: however, so it was. Two ships from the Mediterranean, that he had underwrote for a vast amount, were taken; and he, not being able immediately to answer the demand, was under the necessity of taking up a considerable

siderable sum, on bond and judgment. In fact, this loss had almost ruined him; which the lender suspecting, laid an execution, as soon as he heard he was dead.

THINK what a situation my father was then in. Mourning for the death of a dearly loved parent, yet obliged to apply all his attention to prevent the overthrow of a business, which, though lucrative, he knew to be then insolvent. What could he do? He applied to Maitland; for their friendship, which as it had not remained uncultivated during this long interval, did not require ceremony. Maitland came immediately to town, elated with the opportunity of serving him, though he sympathized in his losses; and not only advanced the sum, but assisted him in other respects so considerably, that it may almost be said

that my father is indebted to him for the large property he is now master of.

Soon after this transaction my father married, and received ten thousand pounds in cash with my mother, besides the manor in Kent, to which she was heiress.

I OBSERVE, and possibly you may too by this time, that old Maitland, from a very abstracted mode of thinking, forms conclusions and adopts maxims which he never takes the trouble to compare with persons and things about him. Whence it is, that they are frequently inadequate, and always singular.

He has read Locke with great attention, and being convinced that demonstration is not confined to mathematical subjects



subjects alone, attempts to use it on all occasions: witness the letter he sent my father, which I scarce yet believe to be seriously written.

BUT I wander from the point. He has but one child, this youth is just come from college; and, by what I can collect, Maria was intended for him from her birth. Unpleasing intelligence, indeed, for you; yet from what has been related, I cannot avoid being apprehensive of the consequences to one, whom I should be as happy to serve, as I am proud to call by the sacred name of friend.

C. STAMFORD.

## L E T T E R X.

Mr. ALWYN, to Mr. STAMFORD, Junior.

Dear SIR,

**I** WISH I could make you sensible how forcibly I feel your generous and disinterested friendship. Your letter expresses an opinion of me which I fear I am not worthy of; yet, such is the human heart, it attaches me so powerfully to you, that I believe, there is nothing so romantic, which I would not undertake to prove my gratitude.

YOUR account of Maria made my heart overflow. I hope you are mistaken in the cause of—What do I say?—Is that my wish? Is there any thing on earth could give me so much delight as to be beloved by her?—Would it  
not

not rather give me torture?—It would make her as miserable as myself!—Forbid it heaven!—Let me try to divert these reflections. They oppress me—I am convinced they do not give you pleasure.

THE friendship of your father and Mr. Maitland, does them mutual honour.—It would ill become me to disturb the happiness of a family, to which I owe so many obligations.—It requires only a small degree of virtue to be ashamed of ingratitude.

WE have not yet began to play, our theatre will not be ready before Friday. We are to open with Romeo and Juliet; and I, for my first appearance, am to be the hero of the night. A good mental physician would not, I believe, have prescribed so sweet a dose; the studying

this character has not contributed to my recovery. But I have undertaken it, and must proceed. My feelings are so similar to those put into the mouth of the young Montague that it must be strange if I mistake my part. The company have formed great expectations of me, I am told, from hearing me rehearse; and the manager, who is a busy talkative person, is puffing his performers among the town's-people, and me among the rest. As I shall, perhaps, endeavour to amuse you now and then with the adventures of the theatre, it may not be unnecessary to inform you of the police and œconomy of the society of which I am a temporary member: that is, as far as I myself have learned.

A COMPANY of travelling comedians is a small kingdom, of which the manager



nager is the monarch. Their code of laws, from the little reading I have had upon the subject, seems to have existed, with few material variations, at, or perhaps, before the days of Shakespeare, who is, with great reason "the god of their idolatry." The person who is rich enough to furnish a wardrobe and scenes, commences manager, and has his privileges and restrictions. The royal revenues are extensive, being in the ratio of five to one.—As thus—If there are twenty persons in the company, the manager included, the receipt of the house, after all incidental expences are deducted, is divided into four and twenty shares, four of which are called dead shares, and taken by the manager as a payment for the use of his cloaths and scenes; to these is added the share which he is entitled to as a performer.

OUR monarch, to resume my metaphor, through the fecundity of the queen consort, sweeps eleven shares into the royal pouch every night, having five sons and daughters, who are ranked as performers. This is a continual subject of discontent to the rest of the comedians, who are all, to a man, disaffected to the government. For my part, I do not think it worth while to be dissatisfied, having it in my own option to submit to these laws, or leave them for more equitable ones. That is not the case with them, they being all in debt to the manager, and, of course, chained to his galley; which he does not fail to inform them of, when they are refractory. They appear to be a set of thoughtless, merry beings, who laugh in the midst of poverty, and who never want a quotation, or a story to recruit their spirits. When they get any money,

ney, they seem, like Russian boors, in haste to spend it, lest some tyrant, in the shape of a dun, should snatch it from them.—They have a circuit, or *sett of towns*, to which they resort, when the time comes round; so that there are but three or four in the company, who are not well known in Kendal. The town's-people, I observe, are continually railing at them; yet are very unhappy, I am told, if they fail to return at the appointed season. It is a saying with the comedians that, a player's six-pence does not equal a town's-man's groat, and I find a great deal of truth in the apothegm; therefore, though these latter are continually abusing the poor players for running in debt, they take good care to indemnify themselves, and are no great losers if they get ten shillings in the pound.

I SHALL

I SHALL continue my observations from time to time, according to your desire, and shall be much mistaken if they do not afford amusement to a mind like your's. Permit me a concluding sigh for friends, and a tear for—I am ashamed of my weakness, yet cannot overcome it, at least, not at the present. I am,

Dear Sir, sincerely your's,

H. H. ALWYN.

LET-



## LETTER XI.

T. STENTOR, to JEMMY DRUM-  
SHANDRUGH.

Dear JEMMY,

**T**HERE is nothing but crosses and vexations, and one damned thing or another, to be met with in this world.—Our landlady, like a good-for-nothing brim as she is, stopt my box for thirteen and seven-pence at the last town; so that I and my wife, are arrived in Kendal without a property\* to play in. My grey hairs, and my wife's tie wig; the coronet I wear in Lear, with the George and garter for Richard, Banquo's bloody throat, that you painted on flesh-coloured callimanco; my shirt-shams, and new Basil buskins, never worn but one night in Mark Anthony;

\* A technical term among players, and signifies the minutiae of dress.

Mrs.

Mrs. Stentor's tate, her witch's high-crowned hat, and Hecate's spectacles; the boots and belt in which she plays John Moody, together with the manager's Thunderbolt in Midas, and my last new sett of teeth, for which I paid half a guinea to our French dancing dentist; the black stockings with span-gled clocks, that I wear in all my kings; the remainder of my two dozen guineas, that cost me ten-pence to put in my stage purse, and a thousand other things that I shall want every night, all stopt.—I'm in a pretty pickle. What the devil I shall do without my teeth I don't know; for to mend the matter I lost my old ones, that I made shift with in common, on the road, and I can't speak a word without lisping, worse than if I had belonged to the tribe of Ephraim; and was ordered to say shibboleth at the pass of Jordan, by the cruel bastard of Gilead.

Mrs-

MISFORTUNES never come alone. I have seen the day, when our manager durst not have refused to lend me thirteen and seven-pence if I wanted it; but he says I am no longer fit to play the love-sick heroes, so has engaged one Alwyn, that nobody, except Hil Kirk, knows any thing of.—It's d—d strange if I can't play them better than that youngster. I that have been the representative of all the heroes ancient and modern, for almost these fifty years, and this is his first appearance, he says, though I'll swear he's a stager of five years standing, at least, by the manner of his rehearsing. Nay, and because he is in possession of a smooth face and a soft voice, its a guinea to a shilling, that all the young flirts fall in love with him.--He has made choice of Romeo (my favourite character above all others) to appear in.—I wish he may break his neck.--However, if he *stays* I'll go if I can.—I wish you  
would

would try to get an engagement for me and my wife with your manager.—I have enclosed our casts \*. My wife plays the queen's, is an excellent termagant, and goes into breeches. We neither of us clash with you, except that my wife plays John Moody, and she is allowed to be so excellent in that part, that if the great London SHUTER, or PARSONS that we hear so much of, were to come down, she would not give it up.

I HAVE been interrupted in my letter by that Alwyn.—I don't know what scheme he is at, but he has been here with an oiled tongue, and “a hope that  
“ he did not offend me ; but, hearing I  
“ was a little distressed for a trifle, he  
“ came to offer me his assistance.” When he had finished his preface, he put a

\* Meaning the parts they were accustomed to play.

guinea



guinea into my hand.—As he made his exit, he “begged a thousand pardons, “and hoped I would excuse the abruptness, that his want of being better acquainted with me had forced him upon; but that he could not bear to hear of age being wedded to necessity.”

NOTWITHSTANDING this fine rhetorical flourish, I am devilishly deceived if I don't see through this generosity. Men don't give their money away so freely without some view. Perhaps he meant it as a bribe, that I may patiently submit to see him rob me of all my characters. Had he *lent* it me, I should have suspected Santlo the manager to have been at the bottom of all this; but he would not *give* a guinea to save his mother's soul from purgatory; so it can't be him.—My young politician shall

shall find, however, I am not to be so easily bribed. If he mines, I'll countermine; and it's a question if the young cub digs so deep as the old fox. He shall be well earthed if I don't unkennel him.—I have provided a party that shall hiss worse than the head of Gorgon. Staunch friends, that won't easily see the veteran vanquished.

GIVE our respects to your manager, and if he will agree to our playing those parts, which are here subjoined, and will send three guineas and a half, two of which I owe to Santlo, and the rest we shall want for our journey, we will join him immediately. Let him know how useful my wife is.—She is excellent in the old statesmen, and looks them admirably.—Not that we are exceedingly anxious about the matter. We make no doubt of being able, by  
one

one means or other, to rout this whipster, this Alwyn.

OUR compliments to all old friends, and let me know how you share\*, and whether your manager ever shews his book.—Our precious rascal immures his more carefully than the Romans did the Sybil's prophecy. Your's,

TRUNCHEON STENTOR.

\* i. e. What money they get.

[It may be necessary to inform the reader, that we have not annexed the list of parts, mentioned in the above letter, from a supposition, that mere names, though all the mankillers from Agamemnon to Marlborough were enumerated, would afford but small amusement. We will acknowledge, that a species of the ridiculous ran along the list, occasioned by the avidity with which this veteran appropriated the representation of all the great virtues and vices of the heroes of every country, young or old, Christian or Heathen, Jew, Turk or Infidel to himself.

himself. Mrs. Truncheon Stentor, seemed no less capable and ambitious. To confess a truth, when we beheld along the lady's list of characters, Queen Margaret in one line, Lord Burleigh in the next, and Hecate in a third, we began to be in doubt either of the lady's gender, or the genuineness of the letter, especially when we read the following remark: "*In the Provoked Husband, though John Moody is my wife's favourite part, yet she can play Lady Townly, if wanted, but then she chuses to double them;*" which means, according to our interpreter, to play them both on one night.—How useful would such a lady as this be in a London theatre, where the great actresses are so liable to colds, and have such tender and delicate constitutions, that a bad box book deprives them more effectually of the use of speech, than a stroke of the palsy would.

of the same kind as the

LET-



## L E T T E R XII.

JEMMY DRUMSHANDRUGH, to  
T. STENTOR.

Friend TRUNCHEON,

I AM sorry to hear of your misfortunes, becase as why, d'ye see, I have it not in my power to relave 'em at all at all; but howiver, I will give you some consolation in this affair, which is this, d'ye see, now.—By Jasus I have as miny misfortunes as yoursilf, or any other man alive; and so let that be your comfort. You know I had 500 l. left me by my old aunt Phabe Tullaghan of Ballimagowran in the county of Cavan, and the province of Ulster, 'about two years before her death. Pooh! I mane two years after her—Ahoo!—To the divel I pitch my maning, but I know  
it

it was whin I was one and forty years of age d'ye see, and now I am three and forty, as old Darby Coghnan tells me; for as for mysilf, I niver mind of a handful of years d'ye see.—Well—An so—What now was I telling you about, agra? —Oh! It was confarnin my misfortunes, and my aunt Phabe. Well thin, it was about three twelve-months since she died and left me the 500l.—To be sure, she always said she loved me, though, for my part, the divel the word did I believe of the matter, till she was dead; for though she knew viry well that I was as poor, and as miserable as a Spalpeen\*, and wanted her money for mysilf, sorra the morsel of the mind she had to die at all, nor the divel a bit could I persuade her to it (though I wrote to her several times about the affair) till she had not a drop of breath left

\* An Irish hay-maker.

in her body, and thin, you know, the divel may htank her for her kindness. To be sure I was not much the richer for it, having spent it all seven years before I got it, and the rest soon after I relaved it, in paying my debts, and trating my frinds, for thin I had frinds enough, and ivery body was glad to shake hands with Jemmy Drumshandrug, and now there's Mr. Pot the taylor, to the divel I pitch Mr. Pot the taylor, for the son of a Spalspeen whore's bastard; this Mr. Pot the taylor, who has tipled out of my pot many a frosty morning, threatens to arrist me if I don't pay him for the suit of cloaths that I had of him about five years agoe, and for all I tould him I could not pay ivery body, and keep a little for my own use, and thin, you know, as he always said he was my frind, why I niver thought any thing about paying him at

all at all.—Sorra the frindship that I can find out in linding a man a guinea, and desiring one and twenty shillings in change. Howiver, my landlady, long life to the dare crater, whose husband has had a stroke of the palsy, about five weeks agoe, that has taken away the use of his limbs, promises to lind me the money. —She is a good, hearty woman, about my own age, with a dale of rich thick blood in her vanes, and has had a child, shetells me, every year since she has been married. She is very industrious, and has gone through a dale of trouble, she says. She took hould of my hand, and prest it so tinderly, and let the salt tares fall on it, while she tould me of her poor husband's misfortune, who, she says, before that accident, was an honest pains-taking man; and so I am become a mighty favourite with her, and she never lets the maid come up now, to make my



my bed, but makes it always with her own hands, and ginerally comes before breakfast, as she says it gets her a stomach, and likewise brings the warming-pan of a night, to warm it, becase, she says, it makes one sleep will, thin she trates me with oysters, whin she can get 'em, to my supper, and an egg to my tay of a morning, after the good ould Irish fashion, and so, as I tould you, I am become a mighty favourite with her.

As for your coming to this company, d'ye see, why our manager says it won't do, for why, we play all the hairos, between us, oursilves, and now that I spake good English, and have got rid of my brogue, I do Lord Townly instead of John Moody, and make nothing of it. But if I should lave the company, why then there will be an opening for you, which I shall certainly do whin my

landlady's husband dies, because why, there will be an opening, then, for me. She has a pretty income enough, and the poor woman is mightily grieved to see her husband in his misery, and so, as she tells me, she prays very devoutly for the poor craters dith, to be sure she makes me love her the better, because she is so tender hearted.

As for our sharing, why I don't hear of any body among us that intends to build churches, and rispecting the stock book, and your manager's being a rascal, why I don't wonder much at that, because why, I niver knew one of them that was not a rascal, and I niver heard but of one, neither did I believe that, not but we have pritty full houses, and that the people may have enough for their money, d'ye see, why there is  
plenty

plenty of singing and dancing ivery night after the performance is over. Mrs. Stentor is a viry useful woman to be sure, and just such a one as we want, so if you think it worth while to live fashionably, and niver see one another, why our manager says he will engage her with all his heart, d'ye see, now: and thin this is likely to be a good town, for why, the parson praches against the players ivery Sunday, and, as he is not mightily beloved, why they are resolved not to mind what he says; and so if you like of it, why let her set off before you re-save this, becase as why, the sooner she comes, the longer it will be before we see her.—And so give me lave to conclude yourself my friend to command,

J. DRUMSHANDRUGH.

H 3

L E T-

## L E T T E R XIII.

Mr. MAITLAND, JUN. to STAFFORD  
OSBORNE, Esq.

Dear OSBORNE,

**T**HIS day week I left the sober family of the Stamfords, and am now safely landed at Maitland-hall. I was like a fish out of water during my stay in London. Settled in as pretty a demure church-going family as you'd wish to see, and what's more, on the footing of a suitor to the young lady. Now there are two things you expect, one, that I shall reform in a hurry, and the other that I shall give you a sketch of the queer creatures I have been shut up with for this fortnight, but you are confoundedly mistaken, if you think I'll take the pains to do either the one or the



the other. I have not been out later than ten since my arrival in town, and was so lost for want of a frolick, that I was reduced to the necessity of having one on the road. I wish you had been there, for I had it all to myself,—but you shall hear.

YOUNG Stamford and I left London on Tuesday morning, attended by our servants on horseback. My man Sam, of whose dexterity and address you have seen proofs before now, was with me, and we arrived at M—— in the evening, just as the passengers were alighting from the stage-coach. I stood at the inn-door while they were unpacking their carcases from the close stowage of the vehicle, and fancied, from their appearance, that they were a sett of characters that might afford some diversion. In consequence of this supposition, I

H 4                      proposed

proposed to Stamford to sup with the passengers, which was agreed to. Sam went to reconnoitre the inn, and I applied myself to learn the dispositions of our fellow-travellers.

THE company was compounded of a short fat man about forty, with a cut of countenance not very inviting, for, arrogance and self-conceit were painted in every line of it. His wig was of the construction that custom, or some other cause, has rendered one of the attributes of holiness, and a blue grey suit of cloaths, of a most stiff and formal outline, put it out of doubt, that he was a son of mother church. I afterwards found he was a country school-master, who had been to London to procure scholars, whom he found in all requisites for ten pounds a year. Opposite him sat a figure, whose calling and occupation were not so much within

within the reach of conjecture. Deceit seemed to be the very essence of his composition. I never saw a man that so immediately inspired me with aversion. His aspect was like that of a mischievous animal that surveys you with fear, but with a fear mixed with an intention of hurting you, as soon as off your guard. His hair was lank and grey, his person tall and aukward, and his visage pale, hollow, and illuminated with a pair of small, sunken eyes that might have given rise to the fictions of witchery and incantations performed by an evil sight. A set of habiliments, put together in a very peculiar style, would have tempted me to pronounce him an apothecary of the last century, if a pair of dirty bands had not indicated that his province was that of a *spiritual* man-midwife. He professed to believe the new birth, and was himself a living proof of his doctrine ;

for, without a metaphor, it was necessary for a man to be born again to *become like him*.

NEAR him sat a couple of females, who seemed to be mother and daughter. The mother, I soon discovered to be a disciple of the respectable pastor I have just described, but the daughter, a fresh girl about sixteen, did not seem to have much of the devotee about her.

THE remaining passenger was a young fellow in regimentals, who was standing by a window, with his back to the company, when I entered. He came up to me, and, after common compliments, we entered into conversation without regarding the others, of whose social powers I had already entertained a very contemptible opinion. He acquainted me that he was an ensign in the 40th regiment,



regiment, was going to head a recruiting party at Bristol, and at the same time gave me a sketch of the characters of his companions, as I have just now hinted.

WHEN supper was brought in the Methodist rose up, and, inclining himself forward, not in the graceful attitude of an orator, but, rather, in that of a person labouring under the operation of an emetic, treated us with a grace of a quarter of an hour's duration. The school-master appeared somewhat chagrined, whether on account of the usurpation of his office as chaplain, or the *venter famelicus qui aures non habet*, or both, I shall not pretend to say; but I observed, during the course of the evening, that he and the Methodist were irreconcilable enemies to each other.

AFTER supper, and the circulation of a glass or two, he arose to put in practice the same manœuvre, but was opposed by the school-master, who objected to it as, not only unnecessary, but, pharisaical. This produced a warm altercation, in which the Methodist had manifestly the advantage; for, being well read in scripture, he undertook, with great calmness, to prove, that the school-master was a limb of the whore of Babylon: whereat the other was so enraged that he lost all power of utterance, and stood gasping like a cat in an air-pump.

WE joined the Methodist, (who proceeded in his quotations without regarding the mighty rage of his antagonist,) and by that means put him into so good a humour, that at the request of the old lady, he consented to give us

an exhortation. For which, and its consequences, you must wait till next post, for at present I'm quite tired.

Your's, &c.

T. MAITLAND,

LET.

## LETTER XIV.

Mr. MAITLAND, JUN. to STAFFORD  
OSBORNE.

Dear OSBORNE,

I WROTE to you, last post, an account of my arrival here, and promised to let you know the sequel of my road adventures, which, without further preamble, I here continue:

THE Methodist had planted himself on his knees, in a great arm chair, and was raving on in his exhortation, while I was cursing my stupid brains that had not yet hinted any propable scheme of diversion, though with such admirable subjects to practise on. "Who," said he, "was St. Paul? Did he ride  
" in a coach? No. Was he a bishop?  
" No. Did he preach in a great church?  
" No, No, No. It was in the fields,  
" my



“ my brethren. He cast out devils,  
 “ and healed the sick. I once knew a  
 “ poor woman, at Bristol—a very poor  
 “ woman,—but rich in faith,—and she  
 “ had experiences,—and was in a good  
 “ way,—and she sought after us that  
 “ teach the true way,—and the devil  
 “ came,—and she saw him,—and he ap-  
 “ peared unto her,—even the roaring lion,  
 “ and he roared,—and she ran out of the  
 “ house, and came to me,—and she wept  
 “ bitterly,—and I said unto the devil”—

AT this instant, Sam and Stam-  
 ford's servant, each with an extinguisher  
 put out the candles, and the devil stood  
 confessed to the view of the affrighted  
 preacher. He did not stop to recognize  
 his Bristol acquaintance, but, over-  
 setting the chair, made his escape up  
 the chimney. The ladies screamed  
 horribly, and the officer drew his sword,  
 and

and made a pass at *Monf. le Diable*, but, finding it had no effect, exclaimed, "Lord have mercy on my poor soul!" threw down his sword, and, in endeavouring to remove himself farther from the object of terror, overset the table, with the bottles and glasses that were on it. Stamford and I were not a little startled at the presence of so unexpected a visitant; though we soon discovered it to be the effect of a magic lanthorn, which, it afterwards appeared, Sam had borrowed of a Jew, who was then in the tap-room of the inn.

DIRECTED by the rays of light, I perceived the instrument standing on the chimney-piece, which was the occasion of this phænomenon, and removed it time enough to prevent a discovery. The servants immediately came in with lights, and, with some difficulty, got the Methodist down the chimney.

Our

Our school-master, having left the room previous to the exhortation, escaped his part of the fright, but the share he had in an adventure which followed left him no great cause for boasting.

Words cannot describe the figure the poor devil of a Methodist cut, when extracted from his footy hiding-place. The natural hollowness of his visage was augmented by certain lights and shades, acquired during his residence in the chimney, and a ghastly and idiot stare the remaining fright had left on his countenance. He looked round the room with a sort of timid caution, that demonstrated how unwelcome a return of the apparition would be, and it was long before he could recollect any of his fellow-travellers. The ladies bore it very well, all things considered, and the officer was particularly serious on the

occa-

occasion; while Stamford looked at me with enquiring eyes, and I gave Sam credit for the whole contrivance.

'Twas in vain to think of sitting down again, as a company, and, therefore, I called Sam to shew me the bedrooms, which were on the same floor, opening every one into a long gallery that faced the court-yard.

THE suite of rooms consisted of four, in each of which were two beds. The old lady and her daughter took possession of one, Stamford and I another, and the school-master, entering a third, was followed by the Methodist, whose fears of another visit from the prince of darkness had impelled him to make sure of a companion. The officer, of course, had the remaining chamber to himself.

WHEN



WHEN Stamford and I were alone we interrogated Sam about the trick he had played on the apostle, and received intelligence that another plot was in agitation, to prevent their over-sleeping themselves. Stamford objected to it, as cruel, and thought it might possibly hurt their understandings; but I overruled it, and, about midnight, he began his operations.

THEN it was that the clattering noise of some quadrupede animal was heard in the gallery, which seemed to shake with the burthen. Our preacher discovered, by an ejaculation or two, that his afflictions had kept him waking; but his companion manifested no other signs of life than a profound nasal trumpeting, which, at a distance, might have been mistaken for a couple of sawyers at work.

THE

THE Methodist was not long in suspense, for the sound of hoofs approached his chamber, the door of which flew open and admitted the cause of his apprehensions, who addressed him in these words, "O thou sinful wretch, " deceiver of the simple, calumniator of " the good, and liar to the community, " thy time is accomplished, and I, thy " evil genius, am come to convey thee " to the gloomy mansions of despair. " I appear unto thee in the shape of an " ass, because thou art an ass, and command thee to arise, and mount on " my back, which if thou delayest to " perform, I will tear thee instantly to " pieces." At this threat I heard the frightened wretch get out of bed, sighing and groaning, and, the instant after, roaring with all his might. The apparition, on whose back he had mounted, began to bray, and issued out of the  
room

room with great impetuosity, nor stopped till they arrived at the stairs-head, whence down they both tumbled together.

ALARMED at this circumstance, Stamford and I hurried after them, and found the preacher lying on the ground, alone, in his shirt. Lifting him up, we perceived he had sustained no other injury than a few bruises, and the fright, which had made him almost stupid. We conveyed him to bed, in the room where the officer had been, and ordered a servant to stay with him, while we went to enquire into the particulars of the adventure, from the school-master.

THE knight of the ferula was covered over head and ears in bed, where he had lain during the whole confusion, not having had courage to rise. A violent perspiration had wetted the bed-cloaths almost through, and, on his peeping forth,

forth, our noses were informed that solids, as well as fluids, had escaped him, in his fright. He was so much cheered, at our appearance, that he found utterance for his surprise, which thus broke forth, and mingled with the potent effluvia:

“ OH, gentlemen! little did I think,  
“ when I left my native country and  
“ ventured up to London, that I should  
“ have joined in the society of the  
“ children of darkness. That fanatical  
“ wretch, who with these eyes, I saw  
“ riding to hell on the back of a fiery  
“ jack-ass, has given me such a shock,  
“ as, I fear, I shall never recover. Alas!  
“ even now I perceive my intestines  
“ are relaxed, and the contents of the  
“ viscera are here and there dispersed  
“ in the bed. I am become as lank  
“ and flaccid as a half blown bladder.  
“ My nervous system is destroyed, and  
“ I question if my members will ever  
“ regain



“ regain their proper tone. Lend your  
“ kind assistance, that I may rise and get  
“ some refreshment. Nature abhors a  
“ vacuum, and my poor bowels ap-  
“ proach but too near to that state.”

WE could not refuse our help; but, on raising him up, the fumes of the egesta, here and there dispersed, as he expressed it, became so powerful, that we let him down again, and covered him up, advising him to wait till we sent a servant, with linen and other requisites, to enable him to appear as became a man of his consequence.

GOING down into the hall, we found every body in the inn dressed, and in full conversation on the event that had disturbed their repose. Various were the conjectures formed on the occasion, for, the parties concerned being absent, no authentic intelligence could be gained.

This

This continued till the arrival of the school-master, who entered, tolerably cleansed, and immediately fortified himself with a bumper of brandy. After which he proceeded to tell us that, being in his first sleep, he was suddenly roused by a dreadful voice that exclaimed, "I am thy evil genius!" on which he immediately started up, and, drawing his curtain, perceived the room was filled with a blue, sulphureous flame, in the midst of which appeared a spectre, larger than an elephant, with fiery horns, but in the shape of a jack-ass. That the Methodist got out of bed, howling and weeping, and mounted on the back of the hobgoblin, which after diverse frisks and nefarious gambols, roaring in the mean time most dreadfully, on a sudden vanished in a flash of lightning. In consequence of which, and the intolerable stench of brimstone, he, the narrator,

tor, was compelled to evacuate the whole quantity of aliment then in his body ; which shot forth, neither more nor less, than as if exploded from a wind-gun. That moreover, he lay in a trance, from that instant, till the coming of the two gentlemen into the room, and concluded with assuring the company, that he had no doubt but that horrid wretch, the Methodist, was now receiving the reward of his misdeeds.

IN the morning I visited our Anti-Mahomet, who had almost rode to hell, instead of heaven, on an ass; and, to my great surprize, found him sitting by a table, with a leathern ink-horn in his hand and writing. After enquiring about his health, and expressing my admiration at the extraordinary occurrences of the last twelve hours, I begged he would, if possible, explain the cause of those appearances.

“ LAST night,” said he, “ after the  
“ visitation of the Evil One, I sat on  
“ my bed, ruminating, with inward an-  
“ guish and manifold groanings of the  
“ spirit, on my backslidings. It is  
“ written, ‘ Resist the devil, and he will  
“ flee from you.’ Instead whereof, I  
“ retired with some haste, and gave  
“ place to the adversary. Oh, wretch-  
“ ed man, for this cause it was permit-  
“ ted unto him to scourge thee, even  
“ with whips of scorpions. While I  
“ thus wrestled with the corruptions  
“ of my heart, lo, it thundered, the  
“ bed trembled beneath me, and one  
“ of the angels of perdition stood in  
“ my sight. He had one eye that  
“ glittered like the moon, his nostrils  
“ resembled a glowing oven, and from  
“ his posteriors came forth flashes of  
“ lightening. At first I was frighten-  
“ ed, which the devil perceiving, snatch-  
“ ed



" ed me up in his claws, and carried  
 " me through the air with amazing  
 " swiftness: but I soon recollected  
 " myself, and compelled him, by the  
 " force of my adjurations, not only to  
 " set me down, but also to disclose ma-  
 " ny secrets of the invisible world,  
 " which I intend to publish under the  
 " title of ' News from Tophet; ' being  
 " a relation of the extraordinary deal-  
 " ings of the spirit with John Wisely,  
 " and also of sundry buffetings of Satan,  
 " sustained by him in his ministry. Ne-  
 " cessary to be read as a warning in  
 " these later days of iniquity. Recom-  
 " mended by the Reverend Mr. Filcher.  
 " Sir Rueland Howl will give it a good  
 " word in one of his sermons, and,  
 " without doubt, it will be purchased  
 " in great numbers by the children of  
 " grace at the door of the tabernacle.  
 " Whence it shall come to pass, that

“ the truth will prevail mightily, and  
“ great gain shall arise therefrom. More-  
“ over, it would cause me to rejoice in  
“ spirit, to behold your name in the  
“ list of my subscribers.

THOUGH this narration was a masterpiece of lies and hypocrisy, and though I knew his publication would be a shameful imposition on the credulous multitude, yet I could not forbear noticing his last request, by slipping a couple of guineas into his hand. This unexpected benevolence surprized him so much, that he was at a loss to express his acknowledgments. He assured me, that his heart leaped within him at the prospect of my approaching conversion; and that I might depend upon it, that this money was the best I had ever laid out in my life, as it had purchased me the reversion of a seat among the celestials.

tials. I thanked him for the cheap bargain he had let me have, and left him to the compilation of his pamphlet.

Soon after which we mounted our horses, and arrived at Maitland-hall by the evening.

THE whole of the aforesaid dreadful adventure consisted of nothing more than Sam's driving an ass into the preacher's room, behind which he stood, and, in a feigned voice, uttered the threats that obliged him to mount the creature, which carried him down stairs out of its own mere motion and private judgment. The thunder was the nine-pin bowl trundled across the room, and the lightening was manufactured from a pennyworth of rosin, and the end of a candle, stuck in a tobacco-pipe, and blown into the room at proper inter-

vals, by Stamford's man, Sam's assistant. The other embellishments proceeded entirely from the active imaginations of the relators.

I DARE say you think it strange that I have wrote two letters without mentioning my marriage that is to be. Miss Stamford is a remarkably beautiful girl; but, was either indisposed, during my stay, or, wants that vivacity that is so particularly engaging in her sex. But she has sense and judgment, and will do well enough for a wife.

My father still continues his researches. We are as mathematical as ever. I remain,

Dear OSBORNE,

Your's, &c.

T. MAITLAND.

LET-



## L E T T E R X V.

Mr. ALWYN, to Mr. STAMFORD, Jun.

Dear Sir,

**M**Y little anxieties, which rose in spite of me every time I recollected the facing of an audience, are, in a great measure, removed. I have played, and met with more applause than it was possible I could deserve. Appearances at first, indeed, were not so favourable; the moment I went upon the stage I was saluted from a corner of the gallery with a piercing hiss. It is impossible to describe my feelings when I heard it, and, had not the greater and the more indulgent part of the spectators immediately overpowered this mark of disapprobation, I should certainly have been obliged to retire, or have sunk to the floor, my trepidation was so great. I

I 4

felt

felt ten thousand awkwardnesses, the moisture departed from my mouth, my knees knocked together, my lips quivered, my throat became parched, my heart fluttered, and a qualmish sickness seized me. What gave me courage, sufficient to proceed, was the behaviour of a young gentleman, of rank and fortune in this place, whose name was Westwood. Immediately, when the hiss began, he jumped up from his seat, in the pit, for we have no boxes here, and, as soon as he could be heard, reproached the dissatisfied aloud, in a very spirited and pointed manner; and offered ten pounds to any man who would secure the next person that interrupted me; then addressing himself to me, said "Bravo, " Mr. Alwyn, take a little time, recollect yourself, Sir, and let me hear who dares insult you again, damn me if I " don't

“ don’t go up and twist the first fellow’s  
 “ neck round that attempts it.”

THIS apostrophe was the best cordial that could be administered. My powers returned enough to enable me to make a very respectful bow to the audience, and to young 'Squire Westwood in particular; which was answered by the spectators, with the loudest marks of approbation, three times repeated; and I heard several commendations on my person and deportment, before the house was quiet sufficiently for me to proceed, which gave me great encouragement.

I SHOULD, perhaps, be vain upon the fame I acquired, and the plaudits I afterwards received, were it possible for me to enjoy pleasure, and were I not conscious that a vast deal, if not all, of these favours, may be placed to the account of

good-nature, and the patronage of Mr. Westwood, who is universally beloved. After I had finished my part, most of the people in the pit left the house, and did not stay to see the farce, which was played to the gallery. Several of the principal gentlemen came behind the scenes, and insisted upon my going to supper with them; but as they were in different parties, that they might not embarrass me, and out of respect and gratitude to the behaviour of my young spirited patron, they permitted me to go with him, each laying me under the injunction of a visit in turn. I received likewise an invitation to their assembly on Thursday next, at which I perceived my brother comedians were a good deal chagrined; for, as I have since learnt, one of them, no longer ago than the last time that they were here, was insulted for attempting to join with the gentry in  
this



this amusement, and the comedian being a man of spirit, had his opponents been as valiant singly as they were conjointly, the affair might have been an unhappy one. I am not therefore determined, at present, what measures I shall pursue in this business.

I AM informed, that the hissing that was heard on my appearance, was the effect of a party raised against me by the chicanery and malice of a Mr. Trunchon Stentor, the person who used to play the character of Romeo, previous to my arrival in the company, and who, they say, notwithstanding that he is become old and decrepit, is most tenaciously fond of appearing in youthful characters. I, however, do not believe this report, but attribute it to the detraction of the actors, who, I perceive, circulate a thousand little, mean anecdotes,

dotes, which place their brethren in ridiculous or unfavourable attitudes. Stentor, instead of seeming envious, attended me during every rehearsal, told me the entrances and exits; instructed me in several stage manœuvres, that were, not only very serviceable, but, absolutely essential to me; stood behind the scenes, gave me the greatest encouragement at first, and encomiums afterwards; in short, instead of manifesting the least rancour, or ill-nature, afforded me every assistance in his power, and was exceedingly pleased with my success. I, therefore, suppose my own embarrassment and awkwardness, which, perhaps, I was too sensible of, shewed me to a disadvantage; and some, who wished to pass for critics, hissed more to prove their judgment than out of any malevolence to me, to whom it was impossible they should have conceived any personal

personal disgust, and who, it is not probable, were to be influenced to any such meanness as the supposition contains.

I WAS received by the parents of Mr. Westwood, who were not at the play, with an affability that has given me a high idea of their superiority and goodness; for indeed I know no title to superiority but what is derived from goodness. He is their only child, and the reciprocal delight which they afford to each other is very apparent and pleasing; they live upon the most friendly terms among the gentry of Kendal; several, therefore, who heard that I supposed here, came in with the utmost familiarity, and behaved to me in such a manner as could not fail to give me pleasure. Mr. Westwood, and some of his friends, are great admirers of music. After supper we had a little concert, in  
which

which I assisted alternately on the violin, the flute, and as a vocal performer. They have no elevated ideas of taste, and appeared astonished at the specimens I afforded them. Music, indeed, is so much my delight, that if it were possible I should excel in any thing, I believe it would be in that: but, however great the natural abilities of the people who were present might be, yet, as they have no opportunities of hearing good performers, I do not so much wonder at their surprize. It is in vain, dear Charles, that I endeavour to be chearful. I cannot remember the name of happiness without recollecting your sister. Maria and Maitland haunt my imagination. Tell me, Charles, will not his wild and excentric temper be very opposite to the mildness of my poor Maria. Tell me if you think she can be happy with him. I am afraid not.

I fear



I fear those extravagant sallies, into which his ungovernable fancy hurries him, will alarm her delicate mind with continual inquietudes. Yet why should I fear? He must be insensibility itself, if he could bear to give such an angel pain. Oh my friend! how blest, beyond all possibility of increase, must the man be who calls Maria his! But who is he that can say, with justice, he deserves such a blessing? What are riches, honours, titles or power? Can they afford the happiness that may be found in the conversation, the smiles, the tender attentions of the lovely Maria? My only consolation is, that I can never merit her. I shall never behold him who can. Where is there, in all the works of nature, an object so perfect as a beauteous female, when her passions are in unison with her features? Such is Maria.

Around

Around the spacious landscape rove,  
The Naiads haunt, the Triton's bed,  
Search every grot, and every grove,  
Where art and nature beauties shed :

Whate'er is rich, whate'er is rare,  
Whate'er is worthiest to be known,  
Collect from sea, and earth and air,  
From fossil, plant, or precious stone.

While wonders then with wonders vie,  
And latent miracles dispense ;  
While this attracts the raptur'd eye,  
And that allures the ravish'd sense :

Attentive, while the busy sage,  
Delighted marks the boundless store,  
Exulting, swells the learned page  
With secrets unobserv'd before :

O come, in all thy native grace,  
Maria come, and bless the view,  
And every former beauteous trace  
Shall vanish like the morning dew.

Adieu my friend,

H. H. ALWYN.

## L E T T E R XVI.

Mr. STAMFORD, Jun. to Mr. ALWYN.

Dear HARRY,

**M**AITLAND and I arrived here on Tuesday night, and though I cannot say without any adventures on the road, yet without any worth relating in a letter. Old Mr. Maitland received us with a chearful welcome, that prepossessed me in his favour, and has walked with me this morning over his farm. He is very different from the sort of character I had previously formed in my mind. Not at all morose, or dogmatical; but, on the contrary, chearful and entertaining; his fancy, stored with the beauties of the classic writers, has shewn itself in the environs of his house. It is situated in a vale, that  
might

might vie with the celebrated Tempé. At some little distance runs a river, whose craggy and romantic banks engage the attention, while the fossils in its bed afford an endless fund of amusement for the naturalist. To the north, on a rising hill, stands an elegant temple, on eight Corinthian columns of variegated marble. This is his observatory, and is well furnished with instruments, by the most capital makers. The view, from hence, is pleasing beyond description. Several natural openings, in the groves which surround the house, discover a variety of prospects, each of which has its peculiar beauties; and grottoes, alcoves, with other little edifices dispersed here and there, conspire to lull the imagination into a delightful tranquillity.

Here could I ever stray, while the wrapt mind  
Recalls the long lost tale of many a hero,

Or



Or many a sage, who, from the mountain top,  
Unwearied, watches Cynthia's silver course,  
When nightly, from the east, slow rising, she  
Illumes the azure heav'n with soften'd light.

As we walked together, through these  
pleasant scenes, our conversation turned  
on a variety of subjects, but all of the  
literate kind. He was pleased to ob-  
serve, I had a taste for the sciences; and  
I, on the other hand, was surprized at  
the refined judgment he displayed in  
matters of imagination, having expect-  
ed to find him immersed in mathemati-  
cal speculations. He certainly abstracts  
too much, and expects to attain a state  
of knowledge beyond what our faculties  
are capable of. The objects of taste,  
says he, it must be allowed, constitute  
in themselves the nobler exercises of the  
soul: the philosophy of the passions is  
worthy the attention of mankind: the  
source, the ultimate basis of morality  
is

is of the last consequence to society, and well deserves to be enquired into.—But we lose ourselves in conjecture, instead of seeking for demonstration. Would not you smile, Mr. Stamford, at the sage, who, to explain the *motion* of a planet, should say it proceeded from a *motive* faculty, instead of investigating the respective momenta and directions of the projectile and centripetal forces? Is not certainty in the lower steps of science an acquisition more to be prized than the declamations of prejudice, or the endless maze of proofs founded on hypothesis? Nay, rather, ought we not first to make ourselves perfect in the rudiments of knowledge, before we pry into the arcana of the more subtle motions of intellectual substances? Demonstration is not confined to quantity alone. Ideas of the great and beautiful in nature, in sentiment, in ethics, and  
in

in all the branches of the sentient faculty, are as perfect as those of quantity, and their congruity with each other as perceptible. By the immediate application of two ideas an axiom may be formed. Definitions of terms should be premised; and, by the intervention of a chain of immediately concordant ideas, we might connect the proposition and consequence. Whence demonstration would be accomplished, and a man would no more doubt the beauty, order, or moral fitness of a well-grounded assertion, than the truth of a theorem in Euclid.

You will perceive the turn of his mind by this specimen. The same mode of thinking accompanies him in his other pursuits. He is constantly employed in some research, either in the intellectual or material world; and,  
his

his faculty of drawing conclusions from experiments, is admirable; though it sometimes subjects him to errors, of which his son seldom fails to take advantage, he being possessed of capital talents for placing every object in the most ludicrous attitude. The country people are of opinion, that the old gentleman can conjure, and say that the little temple, on the hill, was built nobody knows how; but the parish clerk, who pretends to be very wise, says it was done by geometry, all in one night. Mr. Maitland is too rich to be a wizard; but I am informed, that an old woman, who lives in a hut, on the verge of his farm, has the reputation of doing all the mischiefs that they are pleased to ascribe to supernatural agents. This report is the more confirmed by several visits he has lately made



made her, doubtless, with a view of relieving her necessities.

His house is of a moderate size, and elegantly finished in the modern stile. The *simplex munditiis* is seen in every part of it, unless I may except certain apartments, which are consecrated to philosophical uses. He has a variety of the best apparatus, which, according to the tenor of his prevailing study, is dispersed on stands and tables appropriated for its reception. I promise myself much amusement from hence, when the weather confines me at home; but am too great an admirer of the more obvious phænomena of nature to stay within, when I can enjoy myself in the open air.

YOUNG Maitland makes the most of his time in hunting or shooting. We see  
very

very little of him, except when he has the complaisance to assist at some philosophical research, in doing which he is so ingenious at finding means to exercise his risible faculty that I wonder at his father's patience.—Apropos of this youth, he is no favourite with my father, and still less with Maria. I am convinced, if the intended match takes place, it will be more out of regard to his promise, and the steps he has taken in the affair, than to any wish he has to proceed. I am,

Dear Harry, your's sincerely,

C. STAMFORD.

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